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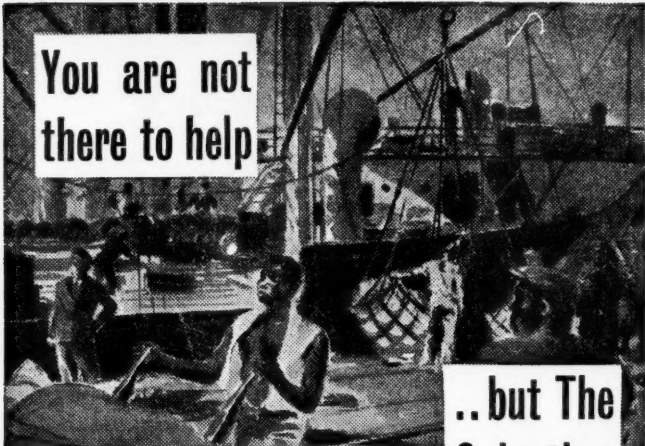
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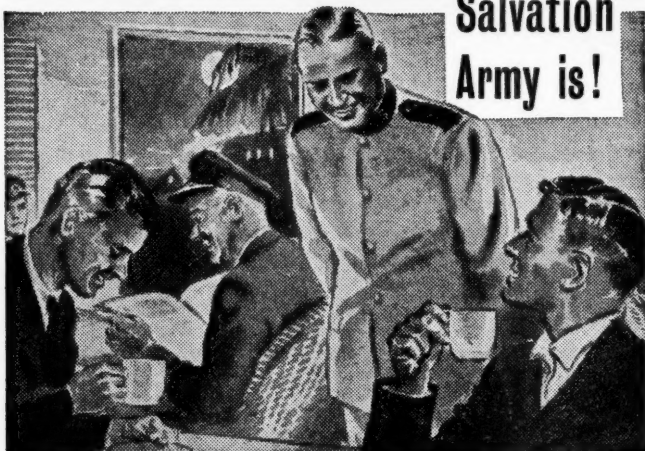
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A black and white illustration showing a group of sailors on the deck of a ship. In the foreground, a sailor is seated, looking towards the right. Other sailors are visible in the background, some standing and some sitting. The ship's rigging and masts are prominent.

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 551.—JANUARY, 1942.

Art. 1.—THE COLLAPSE OF FRANCE.

1. *The Diary of a Staff Officer*. Methuen, 1941.
2. *Cette Drôle de Guerre*. By René Balbaud. Oxford University Press, 1941.
3. *A travers le Désastre*. By Jacques Maritain. Edns. de la Maison Française. New York, 1941.
4. *The Truth about France*. By Louis Lévy. A 'Penguin Special,' 1941.
5. *L'Heure de la Décision*. By André Tardieu. Flammarion, 1934.
6. *La Révolution est à refaire*. By André Tardieu. 2 vols. Flammarion, 1936-37.

EIGHTEEN months have now passed since the collapse of France. It was an event as staggering in its suddenness as almost any in European history since the barbarian invasions that overthrew Roman civilisation. How such an appalling event could have happened, to what causes it may be traced, are questions that have not ceased since then to agitate all minds. The purpose of the present paper is to set forth five separate causes which, though distinct one from another, were nevertheless allied in their origins, and conjoined to culminate in the collapse of France. For convenience' sake they will be stated briefly and then discussed separately. They were :

- (1) The political rot, springing from causes with their roots in the past, that set in actively about 1924, became acute in 1934, and reached its acme in 1936.
- (2) The incompetence and negligence of the French High Command, due also in part to political reasons.
- (3) Communist treachery that caused the breakthrough on the Meuse.

- (4) The capitulation of the Belgian Army.
- (5) The seizure of the moment of defeat in the field by a group of French politicians with the object of turning military defeat into political revolution.

Three of these causes were purely military, two purely political ; but the first of the political group, No. 1 in the above list, had decisive influence on the military causes, and was directly responsible for No. 5, the second of the political group. All five causes were therefore interlocked.

I propose to begin by a consideration of the military causes.

A. *The incompetence and negligence of the French High Command.* Loose statements have been made that the French soldiers fought badly and that the country did not have its heart in the war. This is false. I spent seven months of the war in France, of which country I have a lifetime's knowledge, including the last and critical month from May 17 to June 22, 1940, seeing people of all conditions, both civil and military. Communist and German propaganda touched only the one specific workmen's and scholastic groups, the other a restricted circle in the capital alone. Paris was clouded far more than any other part of France by a defeatist atmosphere. Ringed with factories under Communist influence, the most important centre of elementary education whose servants the schoolmasters were strongly imbued with the same views, Paris was also the centre of political activity which German agents sought to infect with Nazi poison. But this, except indeed in one fatal instance, did not vitiate the Army, which was drawn from the whole of France and had the solid backing of the peasantry and provincial middle classes, patriotic to a man. The heart of France was sound.

No one in France wanted war ; but, when war came, everybody wanted to push to victory. 'Il faut en finir,' were the words on the lips of every man of whatever class, calling, and station in life. 'Je n'ai pas envie de partir en chantant, la fleur au fusil,' wrote M. René Balbaud in his poignant campaign notebook. 'Je pars avec une volonté froide, le désir de punir, les poings serrés. Et si j'en juge par ceux qui m'entourent, c'est bien l'idée dominante.'

All the evidence of eye-witnesses, such as Mr Somerset Maugham, in his fine study, 'France at War,' correspondents who visited the front, and still more those who, like M. Louis Lévy, saw the actual fighting, French officers on leave, wounded men in hospital, officers and men with whom I talked immediately after the catastrophe, who had fought in the North and in Champagne, is unanimous to the effect that the spirit of the Army was high. Mainly, if not exclusively, the fault was that of the High Command, that is, of the General Staff, and in some cases of Army Commanders.

After the last war, probably from fear of the more decided character of younger men, the French Government had stretched the age limit for the Chief of General Staff and for members of the Higher War Council to allow men of nearly seventy to hold or influence the supreme command. Even General Weygand, the best of them, had, while C.G.S., swallowed a reduction in the period of military service to a low limit notoriously past the danger line. General Weygand, it was known, strongly opposed the measure; but when an officer of the *École de Guerre* said that in that case he ought to resign, his seniors listening were aghast. 'What!' cried one. 'The Chief of the General Staff resign? Think of the scandal!' Rather than provoke a scandal, General Weygand hung on to his post and put France in jeopardy. Marshal Pétain, now denouncing deficiencies in military preparation, shares the responsibility for them to the full. During the whole period from 1920 to 1939 he had not ceased to be a member of the Higher War Council. For years running he had been its Vice-President; he had been President himself, and he had been Inspector-General of Infantry and of Aviation. Not only did Marshal Pétain not resign, but there is no record of his ever making any protest whatsoever.

It was inevitable that, when veterans of such calibre were at the head of the military system, their example of acceptance, routine, and lack of initiative should be followed down the scale. To the *École de Guerre* in Paris came officers from twenty-two nations to be instructed in the science of war. 'I had the impression,' said one who followed the courses there, 'that the last war was being admirably taught, but never the next.' When General

de Gaulle's now famous book, 'L'Armée de Métier,' from which the Germans learned their theory of tank warfare, appeared in 1934, its teaching was laughed out of court at the École de Guerre. 'Why,' mocked one of the professors, 'the fellow imagines his tanks can climb trees!' And a report on tank tactics by a commission presided over by General Georges, later to prove himself a thoroughly bad commander in the war, concluded tanks to be useful only after 'the previous disorganisation of the enemy's defensive system.' Consequently, though France had tanks, she had no tank divisions. When M. Paul Reynaud picked on General de Gaulle as the right man for the job, the tank force of which he was given command was an improvised arm with so little cohesion that, on one occasion at least, French light tanks took French heavy tanks, which they had never seen, for the enemy and attacked them. Nevertheless, in the fighting round Abbeville and Mezières even this rudimentary tank corps held the Germans and inflicted heavy losses on theirs.

On the declaration of war General Gamelin, then C.G.S., became automatically Commander-in-Chief in the field. He was sixty-eight years old, and those who had been in a position to observe his career intimately knew him to be a man of undistinguished character who owed his success to political malleability. He had been directly responsible for a disaster to French arms in the Jebel Druse in Syria; and his conduct as head of an important military mission to South America had been such as to minimise, if not nullify, its success. General Gamelin accepted and encouraged the theory of a defensive war, unhappily dear to M. Daladier, then Prime Minister. He did not insist on the continuation of the Maginot Line to the north. Under his slack control even the local initiative that at the beginning was in French hands had passed within six months to the Germans. The dash which carried the French forward into the Sarre was checked, and the Army brought back within the Maginot fortifications to spend the winter in dispiriting inactivity. 'We're to retire. Give up the ground we've won! We are furious, but obey,' wrote M. Balbaud. An indignant company commander from the Maginot Line told me that the whole Army had the sense of receiving no orders at all.

It was left in useless idleness, and, as was inevitable, degenerated rapidly. 'We have the impression of navigating in a fog,' notes M. Balbaud. All representations made to M. Daladier against General Gamelin were rejected. A Prime Minister grown soft, slothful, and timid stuck to a time-serving, frivolous, and selfish commander. By an irony of history, if M. Daladier and General Gamelin are condemned by the court still dragging on at Riom after imprisonment by mere *lettre de cachet*, it will be for precisely those crimes which they did not commit. The real charge against them is not that they led France into a war she could not wage, but that they did nothing to wage a war she was perfectly capable of winning. With M. Paul Reynaud the case is the contrary. If he is condemned, it will be for trying to win a war which, when he had gained a free hand, it was almost too late to wage.

B. *Communist treachery that caused the break-through on the Meuse.* The line of the Meuse to the north of Sedan was the hinge position between the Maginot Line and the field of operations in Belgium. It was held by the Ninth Army, under General Corap, a commander known during his previous service in Morocco as a gay officer of a school that might be hoped to have long since disappeared. At least two divisions of this army were composed mainly of Parisian reserves of the doubtful character known to all acquainted with the Paris factories, many of the officers being Paris schoolmasters, a class almost to a man notoriously Communist. The Communist party was the one disloyal party in France. It was paid by Moscow and took its orders from Moscow. It had been consistently opposed to measures of national defence. When the Stalin-Hitler pact was concluded, the Communists in France threw their full weight into the scale in favour of a Germany now ranged alongside their masters in the Kremlin. M. Daladier had taken some obvious steps to meet the situation, such as excluding Communist deputies from Parliament and depriving of their places over three-score Communist mayors of municipalities, but these measures were not nearly thorough enough. What did more to weaken the Communist position in France was that sincere Communists realised for the first time what a complete sham they had

been worshipping. None the less the virus of Communism remained potent, and, wherever it had penetrated, jeopardised the national effort. And it was to troops that had been exposed to this infection that the guard of so vital a point was entrusted. Further, the Air Force on the line of the Meuse was lamentably deficient, and much of the artillery was drawn by horses that became unmanageable at the first screaming bomb. 'Our Air Force, at least our Fighter Force, is non-existent,' writes M. Balbaud, during the retreat after the Meuse.

All this should have been known to any good Army Commander, and any competent Commander-in-Chief should have assured himself that so essential a position was held by first-rate troops. The Parisian divisions should never have been allowed to remain as separate units, but broken up and supported by solid elements from the provinces. Neither General Corap nor General Gamelin did anything to rectify these glaring defects. Still worse, General Gamelin was twice warned of them without avail: once by M. Pierre Taittinger, who had served with distinction in the war of 1914 and was in May 1940 a Commissary of Parliament with the Army; and once, at least, by the British military authorities. General Gamelin thereupon paid a visit of inspection to the Meuse, accompanied by General Georges. On his return he reported that the line was held with completely adequate strength. Ten days later the break-through occurred.

The break-through itself was caused by the two Communist or mainly Communist divisions in question throwing open the line. The bridges over the Meuse were not blown up; the Germans poured over them, carrying away in the rout the other divisions of the Ninth Army thus left in the air. The Ninth Army ceased to exist. 'The French,' says A Staff Officer in his Diary, 'have lost the whole of their artillery.' This remarkable witness, who had visited the position on the Meuse, writes on May 14 that he had

'estimated that a well-organised and determined resistance would cost the Germans half a million casualties if they were to break through. And what has happened? The Germans walked through five miles of fortifications in depth with the loss of probably five hundred men.'

M. Louis Lévy, a journalist of the Left, attempts to argue that the rout was not caused by treachery but merely by feebleness. Definite proof can hardly be obtained; but Red Cross officials in touch with this sector and the best-informed Paris journalists were convinced that the pass was deliberately sold.

British G.H.Q. urged that the whole of our Metropolitan Bomber Force be launched in an attempt to blot out the German forces swarming through the gap. Immediate Cabinet approval was expected. This effort was ruined by General Georges, who rejected it. 'Thus,' notes A Staff Officer, 'the Air Marshal is deprived of this opportunity for smashing action. . . . The attempt at a knock-out blow is not to be delivered. . . . All the dash and drive is left to the Germans.'

Nor was even this the worst. It was then found that General Gamelin had constituted no second line of defence. There were no mobile reserves; there was not even a pill-box or a defended bridge: the enemy light motorised columns poured over the North of France without opposition, and Amiens, the key place of the whole Northern Front, which could have been held by a battalion against an army, surrendered to a light tank detachment and a handful of motor-cyclists. Communist treason and General Gamelin's incompetence opened the road for the Germans straight to Boulogne.

C. *The capitulation of the Belgian Army.* The breakthrough on the Meuse gave M. Paul Reynaud the opportunity to get rid, as he had tried to do before, of M. Daladier and General Gamelin. He recalled General Weygand from Syria and gave him supreme command. General Weygand, although judging the situation disastrous, undertook to try to establish a new front. Instantly, according to the French company commander quoted above, the whole Army felt that it had a chief. General Weygand attempted to prepare an offensive, the object of which was to pinch out the bulge resulting from the break-through on the Meuse. On May 23 A Staff Officer's Diary has this passage:

'We deduce that 25-30 Allied divisions are now in the northern sector; it seems probable that they will strike south in the attempt to cut through the pocket down the line of the Canal du Nord, making contact with the main French Army through Péronne at Ham.'

Twenty-four hours later the same witness, again noting the bad influence of General Georges, became frankly pessimistic. General Weygand's scheme came too late ; but what destroyed even the possibility of any scheme was the capitulation of the King of the Belgians, which took place on the night of Monday, May 27, and opened the road to Dunkirk to the enemy.

The motives of King Leopold, whom his subjects and servants acclaimed as a martyr, after assailing him as a traitor, are not here in question ; nor is evidence yet available at whose door lies responsibility for the deadly blunder of having sent the whole B.E.F. and the French mobile Army of the North without preparation into a country which had resolutely refused to allow the slightest preliminary co-operation or even staff talks with France or Great Britain. There were, indeed, not a few observers in both who shared A Staff Officer's disquietude. On May 13 he noted in his Diary :

' A strange and, I feel, very suspicious feature has been the extraordinary lack of any German bombing of the B.E.F. and the French Armies in their advance through Belgium during the last four days. It looks almost as if the Germans want us where we are going.'

What is essential to emphasise is that the Belgian capitulation, which came as a thunderbolt on the French Government and the British command, destroyed the B.E.F. as a fighting force, and annihilated the French Armies in Belgium. Together the Allies lost an organised force of 800,000 men, and virtually all their stores, artillery, and transport. At one stroke, even beyond this, the Belgian capitulation rendered impossible the defence of the Somme, and of the Seine when the Germans turned southward, and of Paris too, since the capital was encircled. Alone, the disaster of the Meuse was repairable. Alone, the Belgian capitulation was in itself not fatal, since the French and British could have withdrawn to roughly the line held in 1915. Together they were a final blow. To the question what was the direct cause of the military collapse of France there can be but one answer : the Belgian capitulation supervening on the Communist treachery of the Meuse disaster, both being made possible by the folly, egoism, and incapacity of the French High Command.

But it is further true that these causes could not have worked save for political causes long existent in France. They also led to the French capitulation in Bordeaux, which was overwhelmingly political and not military in character. These two subjects must now be considered.

1. *The political rot in France.* For all the genuine attachment of the French people to representative institutions, Parliamentary government in France has always shown profound weakness. What gave the Third Republic strength was not the action of Parliament but the prefectoral administration of the country that was invented by Napoleon. Governments might come and go, yet the departmental work of France was carried on, in the main efficiently and in the main untainted by corruption. The national weakness resulting from continual changes in the capital, with nearly a hundred different cabinets in the space of seventy years, was more evident to foreigners than to Frenchmen born and brought up under the system. Even those, moreover, who were conscious of it, and many foreign observers with them, held a firm faith that in a moment of grave crisis the Army, which in France was the nation in arms, would take control and that the Army would pull France through. This is what happened in 1914. No one had reckoned on political weakness spreading to the Army itself and inhibiting the healthy reaction that saved France then. That is what happened between 1919 and 1939.

Witnesses are not wanting to the failure of parliamentary life in France. In his speech at the Orangerie at Metz in 1920, Clemenceau, the Tiger of the Left, denounced 'the bankruptcy of character' as the outstanding evil of French politics. The sense of responsibility, he declared, had vanished from among men liable to form governments. In 1898 M. Raymond Poincaré, a staunch republican if ever there was one, wrote in the '*Revue de Paris*':

'All functions, all responsibilities, have been mingled in such a fearful disorder that there is now nothing, absolutely nothing, in the State that has not been distorted, neither the executive nor the legislative, nor yet the judiciary, and that evil habits have ended in upsetting the essential elements of the republican constitution.'

This distressing state of things came, it is submitted, not from any innate bias in the French character, but from a singularly bad point in the constitution of the Third Republic. By that the Chamber of Deputies was given a fixed term of life of four years, and by a practice that came to have the strength of a constitutional law it was made impossible for a government to dissolve the Chamber before that term was run out. Deputies, secure in their seats for four years, were relieved of the necessity to be loyal to government or leaders, since, 'rat' as they might, no dissolution threatened them. Under such conditions a party system is not practicable: parties only maintain discipline because they must hang together or be beaten. In the French parliament were only shifting groups, circling round the Government in unsteady orbits. Parliamentary life became a grand game of snapdragon, with the raisins ready in the bowl for any clever, bold fingers to pull out. 'A seat in Parliament,' again says M. Poincaré, 'becomes an employment, a career, a job, instead of an honourable contract, which in civil law is the definition of a mandate.'

Other evil influences existed. Five of the most important may be briefly mentioned. First, the score of permanent parliamentary commissions before which any measure had to go before being considered by the Chamber or the Senate had arrogated to themselves almost despotic power over Government proposals. Second, it was open to any deputy to propose an increase in the budget, and, as no deputy would incur the odium of refusing an improvement, say, in roadmenders' wages, budgets became rapidly unbalanced and weeks had to be spent in restoring their uneasy equilibrium. Third, what was known as the *cumul* or accumulation of functions was permitted to deputies. A man might be elected for two or three constituencies and sit for them all. He might also serve as deputy and at the same time as mayor or municipal councillor in his constituency. Thus became established veritable local oligarchies, such as those presided over by M. Henry Chéron at Caen, M. Joseph Caillaux at Le Mans, M. Albert Sarraut at Toulouse, and M. Edouard Herriot at Lyons. Aided by the control of local newspapers these party oligarchies ruled supreme each in its own fief. It is to be noted that the greater

number of them belonged to the Left. It would be a mistake to suppose that in France 'Left' meant 'progressive.' Nowhere was more ruthless industrial egoism to be found, nowhere more implacable hostility to women's suffrage than among the great Radical and Socialist capitalists; no great city was so insanitary, so badly paved, supplied with such primitive public services, as Toulouse, the citadel of French radicalism, administered by a Socialist municipality for the better part of a generation. At the lowest end of the scale this pernicious system developed into the 'Tammany-cum-Mafia' that reigned at Marseilles, where a British Vice-Consul was murdered by gangsters and the police tried to disguise the outrage as a suicide. Fourth, the centralisation of government resulted in deputies receiving inducements to press projects on the attention of ministers. Lawyers in the Chamber trafficked largely in such influence; hence there were very many lawyer deputies. From this sprang the resounding financial scandals that disgraced the Third Republic. The period 1919-39 saw three major scandals: those associated with the names of Hanau, Oustric, and Stavisky. The Stavisky scandal, in which two former Prime Ministers, two acting and nine former ministers, and six other senators and deputies of the Left were compromised, brought actual crime in its train—abduction, suicide, and murder. The brutal fact is that the defects of the parliamentary system in France had progressively divorced politics from the needs of the nation, the best sections of which had looked on in amused disgust at what seemed to them an immoral game. Of those partaking in 'universal' suffrage, which in reality comprised but 28 per cent. of the population, a proportion never less than 16 per cent. and sometimes as much as 30 per cent. abstained from recording their votes at the polls, with the result that the governing majority was returned to Parliament by any vote in the country over four million votes, or 10 per cent. of the nation. At the same time, the South of France returned far more than the number of deputies justified by its relatively sparse population, to the detriment of the thickly populated North.

Everywhere voices were raised in denunciation or derision of this mockery of democratic rights. M. André Tardieu, three times Prime Minister of France, retired

dramatically from public life in order to advocate giving the power of dissolution to the Government.

'To defend,' he wrote, 'what she represents, France must make herself capable of facing three dangers :

- (1) That of a German onslaught ;
- (2) That of a Socialist control of power ;
- (3) That, as grave as the two others, of the corruption into which she has let fall the principle and the spirit of her institutions.'

'The Revolution must be made anew,' concluded M. Tardieu, who unhappily was struck down by illness in 1938 before his crusade was well under way. No one who wishes to understand modern French politics can neglect M. Tardieu's works, the chief of which begins with the words : 'The principles on which France believes that she has founded her public life are outrageously violated and the people is despoiled, for the profit of those elected by it, of the powers supposed to be its honour.' M. Tardieu, it must be remembered, was essentially a social reformer. He it was who introduced the important measure for the distribution of electric power all over France ; and he was the first premier to propose compulsory old age insurance.

The fifth of the subsidiary political causes that brought about the ruin of France was the second ballot. This opened the door to the cynical electoral combinations that resulted, first, in the Cartel des Gauches of 1924, second, in the Front Populaire of 1936. The former destroyed the confidence of the French investor in French State finance ; the latter destroyed the faith of the nation in itself, by breaking down the French habit of industry and deliberately inculcating social hate. Without the second ballot this could not have been. In their theoretical wisdom the fathers of the Republic ordained that if, at elections to the Chamber, a candidate were not elected by a clear majority of all the electors voting, there should be a second ballot, the choice this time being between the two candidates at the head of the poll in the first ballot. Political groups bought support for their man in one constituency by offering support for an opponent in another. The practice falsified parliamentary government even more than the impossibility of a dissolution.

Thus, the last Chamber of 1936 contained over eighty Communist deputies, most of whom were elected at the second ballot with the aid of votes of Radicals, who in their hearts abhorred Communism.

The flower of this vice bloomed in the Front Populaire of 1936, an open combination at the polls of Radical, Socialist, and Communist, which put into office a Socialist-cum-Radical cabinet, but gave the balance of power in the Chamber to the Communists. Only total blindness to its real character can explain the welcome held out in Great Britain to this outrage on political morality in France and this direct menace to French security. The forty-hour week, introduced by the Front Populaire at a moment when Germany was pressing forward her armaments at a maximum rhythm, enfeebled France in a military sense and nearly ruined her economically; the social and racial hatreds engendered by M. Léon Blum's intentionally rash experiments destroyed, at least for a time, her national unity.

'Socialism and syndicalism,' writes M. Jacques Maritain, '... showed themselves capable only of squandering the vital forces of the nation and aggravating its dissensions, while at the same time ruining the hopes and energies of the working class movement.' And he adds: 'The creation of the Front Populaire, due to Russian Macchiavellism, and based on a lie (a coalition, where no possibility of common points of view existed, claimed to construct and to govern) disorganised and paralysed French political life.'

Nor did the Front Populaire show itself even decently honest. Not to dwell on the financial scandals connected with the Paris Exhibition of 1937, close on one hundred and forty million pounds were voted in an access of public patriotism by the Front Populaire Chamber for the development of the Air Force. What became of this great sum is unexplained, three thousand being the maximum number of planes since claimed by the responsible minister to have been in being in 1940, a figure corroborated by a French flying officer (see 'France,' July 25, 1941). Yet the Front Populaire, immoral and disastrous as it was, did but follow in the line laid down by the Cartel des Gauches in 1924, which routed M. Poincaré with the slogan: 'Pas d'ennemis à Gauche!' replacing it on

the instant of victory with another equally significant : 'A nous toutes les places, et tout de suite !' The creed of the spoils system could not be more clearly stated.

2. *The second political cause* of France's collapse was the seizure of the moment of defeat in the field by a group of French politicians with the object of turning military defeat into political revolution.

M. Paul Reynaud pleaded to continue the struggle from Africa with the help of Great Britain. He was betrayed by the men he had himself put into office, including Marshal Pétain. As for General Weygand, after three weeks' luckless effort to establish a line that might hold, he appears to have been completely exhausted and grown suddenly old. The better among the revolutionary clique who ousted M. Paul Reynaud and M. Georges Mandel, Clemenceau's lieutenant in the decisive days of 1917, may have blinded themselves with the false hope that Germany would treat lightly a France capitulating to the invader. They certainly expected Great Britain to go down in turn. The worse, like Laval and Baudouin, were actuated by base ambition and political hatred cloaked under the pretence that they wished to purge France of faults which, while in power, they had done nothing to remove.

Among these last must be classed Marshal Pétain, without the authority of whose name the tragic farce could not have been played. Marshal Pétain was strongly anti-British. Clemenceau and Poincaré have told how in 1918 he tried to abandon the British Army : they are supported by the evidence of Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, an eye-witness of the scene (see 'The Navy,' August 1940). Yet more, Pétain had become pro-German. Some months after the beginning of the war, he said in Madrid, so that all might hear : 'My relations with my colleague, the German ambassador, have remained the best possible.' More still, he had an eye on power for himself. Anatole de Monzie, one of the least admirable professional politicians of the last decade, kicked out of the Cabinet by M. Paul Reynaud for defeatism, has unguardedly revealed in the weekly 'Gringoire' (see 'France,' June 27, 1941) how in March 1940 Marshal Pétain was already intriguing for the establishment of a dictatorial 'Consulate' in which he should

be the head and Admiral Darlan his chief lieutenant. At this time there was no question of French defeat and therefore no possible pretext for such a revolution. At Bordeaux it was Marshal Pétain who had M. Mandel, the lawful Minister of the Interior, put under arrest ; it was he who, with the aid of Laval, menaced the feeble President Lebrun with force unless he abandoned the scheme constitutionally adopted by the President of the Republic and the Presidents of the Chamber and the Senate to remove the seat of government to Algiers. It was Marshal Pétain who deliberately concealed from the French people Mr. Churchill's fine offer of unity between France and England. This was simply stifled and known only to the minute section of French people who could listen-in to the short wave B.B.C. broadcast. Marshal Pétain's senile ambition thus had free play.

It must not be assumed, as certain people would like to assume, that the traitors came wholly from the ' Right.' Most of the political rot and much anti-patriotic work emanated from the ' Left.' Prouvost, the violently anti-British proprietor of ' Paris-Soir,' was a Radical ; Bergéry, Doriot, Marcel Déat, three of the most thoroughgoing pro-Nazis in France, Communists ; Marion, head of the Vichy Press bureau, Communist ; Laval, Spinasse, Marquet, originally Socialists ; Bélin, whose influence at Vichy has been second only to that of Darlan, the deputy chief of the subversive C.G.T., whose aims and methods should not be confused with those of British trade unionism. Piétri, a man of the Right, who began at Vichy as minister, has been fobbed off with an embassy ; Ybarnegaray, another, was booted out and is hunted by the Vichy police as an opponent of ' collaboration.' The capitulation cut clean across all party ties. M. Paul Reynaud, a man of the Centre, is in prison awaiting trial ; so is M. Daladier, leader of the Radicals ; so is M. Léon Blum, the Socialist chief. M. Herriot, another ex-Radical premier, is free only on sufferance ; but M. Camille Chautemps, who held the same office, is in the United States, in receipt, the well-known French journalist Pertinax alleges, of a salary of 2000 dollars a month from Vichy. In any case the indiscriminate charge of Fascism flung against the Right falls to the ground. It was no leader of the Right, but M. Léon Blum who boasted that

he would 'give legality a holiday,' if it was necessary to push his plans through. The truth about the affair of February 1934 is that it was a genuine, but wholly unorganised, expression of displeasure with the Radical Government and anxiety for the future on the part of the professional class and the propertied class of Paris, including in that term shopkeepers and artisans: had the matter been taken in hand, as alleged, by so experienced an organiser as M. Jean Chiappe, the Prefect of Police, it would have had a very different outcome. The plain fact is that the few, if active, Nazi or Fascist adepts who did exist in France were driven to embrace those nefarious faiths by fear of seeing the permanent values of France wither under the breath of a creed as foreign as those, thrust on France by men foreign at one remove, whose designs they had already seen in poisonous action. Royalism had no real hold on the country: its future may be another question. Sectarianism was the bane of France: M. Jacques Maritain virtually admits that there was no party in France which would not rather have seen the country ruined by that party's political friends than saved by its political opponents. Adherents of each would have put it that they alone were capable of saving France.

Such is the lamentable story of the reasons for the collapse of France. Should it induce despair for the future? No, indeed. When the hour falls and the bestial German tyrant is driven forth, the spirit of France, which is the spirit of civilisation, will rise once again. The enduring salvation of France will come, not from politicians, manufacturers, or financial speculators, but from the mass of her people: the peasants and peasant-farmers, the artisans, the wine growers, the fisher folk, the small townsmen, the artists and scholars, the honest servants of the State, the priesthood, and the women of France. They have no use for sects and 'isms, national or international; they want to live their life as their fathers before them, in honourable toil on the land and in the towns they love, fearing no man, envying no man, hating no man, but all united in love of the name that personifies in their eyes the best that life can offer: France.

JOHN POLLOCK.

Art. 2.—LORD WILLINGDON.

THE secret of the British Empire, if one could state it, would do much to settle the vast upheaval now afflicting mankind. But the secret can neither be compressed into a formula nor expanded into a philosophy: it can be discerned only in a life. It is a power by which certain men merge fact in an ideal, and so, to apply a phrase of Mr Churchill, make the cause of Britain into the welfare of the world. To relate business and administration to tradition, principles, personality, character, and heart, and so both to elucidate and exemplify the nobleness of the Empire: this, in a life of seventy-four years, was the work of Lord Willingdon.

His instinct, even in his earlier years, was for conciliation. Like Edward VII, he sought for solid foundations of peace, realising that no colony, however remote, no dominion, however independent, can be secure unless Britain's own social scheme is just and happy, and she, by her foreign policy, is in a right relation to a stable Europe. As he grew older, he showed the way to peace by an example of wisdom: for he drew together within the Empire the interplay of enterprise with order, of change with conservation, of principle with sympathy, of loyalty with Liberalism in the personal oneness of Sovereignty. And who can doubt that when the hurricane subsides the order of unity will be again asserted? In the keenest urge and preoccupation of the war, therefore, we do well to measure and admire Lord Willingdon's success. To a unique degree, he had within him the very secret of the Empire's well-being.

He had learnt much, if not all, of that secret early. He was born in the middle of Victoria's reign to the traditions of England's governing class. His father owned in Sussex the estate of Ratton, near Willingdon.

The position of the country gentleman was at that moment particularly favourable. Invention had already opened the way to enterprise; vast fortunes rewarded a provident calculation. The railways united the country with London, while low wages and cheap living enabled the well-to-do to live most amply. In short, one was reminded at every turn that, though virtue, social rank, and convention, and, to some extent, worship, demanded their

sacrifices, society was a hierarchy in which culture, power, magnificence, sport, and skill could make the upper classes much completer men and women than those below them.

Lord Willingdon's father, though not himself in Parliament, had entered the central society, and married the daughter of a remarkable Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr Brand, who, though a Whig, belonged neither like Gladstone to a family which had made money out of business, nor yet to the great oligarchy which tempted Disraeli to call the British constitution Venetian. He was descended from a family which had been ennobled for twenty-four generations, the family of Lord Dacre. From a daughter of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, he inherited the blood of Charles II.

Such was the family into which, as Freeman Thomas, Lord Willingdon was born in 1866.

As he grew up, Gladstone was in his meridian. Progress was in the air ; manufacture was repeopling England with an element which would create a trend towards revolution in time to come ; even among the Tories there was a Randolph Churchill to preach democracy. But in spite of these, Victorian England was England immemorial, especially in the country. The farmer and his labourers had their ways, the squire and his sportsmen had theirs. The sure way to success among them was the possession of high character, good sense, and excellence in some sport or game of skill. Freeman Thomas had all these in the highest degree.

He went in 1879 to Eton, and shone there. A handsome, genial boy, he loved games. He played them, fives, tennis, cricket, with grace, strength, and skill. He was soon in the eleven, and perhaps no day in his life was prouder than when he became its captain. There first he showed his knack of watching his men and placing them where he could get the best out of them : for he grew by instinct into that art of managing boys by which England trains her best boys to manage men.

Already in the favoured, envied world of Eton, he had gratified a boy's ambitions : he was not only captain of the eleven, he was president of Pop. His personal success was assured for the years to come. Lord Crewe, a friend of later years, has pictured in verse the happy fate of such a boy :

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn :
School triumphs won apace at work and play ;
Friendships at will ; and love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day ;
Home fostering hope ; some service to the State.
Then the long tryst to keep
Where underneath the yew trees congregate
His fathers sleep.

So much Freeman Thomas could not fail to have : but fate was to lead him far afield for the honour of England.

How did fate lead him ? After he left Eton, he played in the Cambridge eleven ; he did a spell of soldiering in the Sussex artillery, and with three sisters entered in all that was implied with the inheritance of Ratton. Two of the sisters were married in 1889, the other in 1890 ; and about the same time Freeman Thomas fell in love with a daughter of Lord Brassey, a girl favoured with every gift of charm, vitality, and beauty, and who, when only seventeen, married him in 1892, and in so doing she not only made him romantically happy, but opened great ranges in his career : for none can think of him in his successes without her. He now hyphenated the name of Freeman.

In 1896 Lord Brassey was appointed Governor of Victoria ; and it was then, as A.D.C., that Captain Freeman-Thomas had his first experience of viceregal life. Among a society of squatters, barristers, and business men, the Governor's staff, which included Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Richard Nevill, needed adaptability, sense of the practical, a friendly ease, with a dose of that inhibiting caution which marks all courts. These were required, and these were found. To them Captain Freeman-Thomas added the popularity of a cricketer and tennis player of a high class, and with these a grave, courteous charm, which he managed to combine with a lively sense of pleasure in everything that deserves a laugh. No one could come near him without feeling his direct and unspoilt character. But unselfishness never blunted his shrewdness of judgment. As the Governor's daughter his young wife was already in a position which suited well her radiant and untiring energy of interest ; she at once perfected the brilliant social gifts and the generous thoughtfulness for others which then and at

all times enhanced and completed her husband's quiet tact and popularity.

On Lord Brassey's return from Victoria, his son-in-law entered the House of Commons as a Liberal, and in 1905 was made a Lord of the Treasury. In 1910 he was raised to the peerage, and the following year became a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. During those years he spoke little in Parliament, but he was everywhere liked and marked. His games always stood him in good stead; the King himself liked him as a tennis partner. But his tall, graceful figure, his fine personality, were not those merely of a sportsman, who was welcome in the best society; he had with his charm a knowledge of the Empire, a soundness, and an elevation that marked him for distinctions. It was plain, however, that he was less suited for the strategy of political war than for an administrative position where party would matter less than the power of personality and the sane application of liberal ideals.

He was therefore an ideal choice to succeed Lord Sydenham in 1913 as Governor of Bombay. Of India certainly he knew little; but that in itself was one reason why he was there. His position was to be not a partisan but representative; to take the place of the King; to be the head of society; to exemplify the Majesty of Government to millions, of whom most were deferential, some unquiet. This was one side of his task. The other was to be judicial in administration; to act as chairman in an executive council of one Indian and two Englishmen at a time when Madras was stirring with aspirations that her loyalty to the Empire at war should be politically rewarded.

The particular task of the Viceroy and Governors of India at that moment was to implement Lord Minto's reforms, and to go one step further, while encouraging the war effort, and at the same time keeping the Indian Civil Service in good temper. For the Civil Service were both a Service and a party: they believed it their duty—and it was certainly their interest—to impede reform. Lord Randolph Churchill had likened them to a great sheet of oil spread over an ocean of turbulent waves. Partly for the sake of prestige, and partly on account of taste, they held aloof from Indians; they were apt still to use an expression which German has translated into *herrenvolk* 'the dominant race.'

But no one questioned their efficiency; to appreciate this to the full, while at the same time being generous to the leading Indians; this was the ticklish task which Lord Hardinge had undertaken, and in which Lord Willingdon was appointed by Lord Morley to second him.

After Turkey came into the war, the particular importance of Bombay was that, as the great western port, it was nearer to the front; through it and Karachi passed everyone who went towards or came from Mesopotamia; and it was natural that this thrust on Government House a peculiar opportunity both to organise assistance and to acquire information.

No one can pretend that the Mesopotamian campaign began as a success. It was organised from Simla not by the Governor-General-in-Council, but by the Viceroy in consultation with a Commander-in-Chief who won no glory. For that long, trying, and costly campaign, which led up the River Tigris past Kut-el-Amara to the bazaars and minarets of Baghdad, and finally to the oil-wells of Mosul, few preparations had been made. It was soon reported to Bombay that the lack of medical arrangements was a scandal. Sir Patrick Hehir, who pressed for better arrangements, was at first threatened by his seniors with dismissal. In this delicate situation Lord and Lady Willingdon managed at once to be both tactful and energetic. They came to loggerheads with none: but they earned an enormous gratitude as comforts, hospitals, books, were in turn arranged to bear up men who were ill, or listless, or exhausted.

The Governor's set task, however, was to deal with the political ferment. After Mr Gokhale died in 1915, the young Moslem barrister, Mr Jinnah, and the aged theosophist, Mrs Besant, flung fierce agitation into the work of reform in the Presidency. The Congress had for some time been agitating for Indianisation, and after Lord Hardinge had been replaced as Viceroy by Lord Chelmsford, Mr Edwin Montagu, as Secretary of State, came to India and settled down in the Viceroy's camp at Delhi to work out that scheme which, in 1919, was published as the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms and summed up in the word 'dyarchy.' All these took up the attention of Lord Willingdon; on each his shrewd judgment was at work; but all the time he was making the Governorship a new kind of

success. He made Indians enthusiastic ; for them he had the warmth not merely of sympathy but of friendship ; and the people of Egypt and Asia have a gift of intuition which tells them at once, with an infallible certainty, whether people really like them or not. If not, they never forgive ; but if they really are liked, they never forget.

Lord Willingdon was equally successful with the British. He always watched ; he never interfered ; and every man knew that a sympathetic eye was on him, waiting for a chance to praise. Every one knew that in the Governor was a sportsman who would never let him down.

Of Lord Willingdon's special influence two monuments remain : one is the Willingdon Club at Bombay, where for the first time Indians could enjoy meeting Europeans socially on equal terms ; the other, less well known, is the great dam at Sukkur, in Sind. This immense barrage is a larger work of irrigation than the great dam at Assouan. It cost 20,000,000*l.* and nourishes millions. The name of Lord Lloyd was later attached to it ; but Lord Willingdon first gave authority to the scheme, and he saw it completed when he was Viceroy.

After some months extension of office in Bombay, he came back to England at the end of 1918 for a short interval before returning to Madras as Governor in succession to Lord Pentland. This was the first occasion that a Governor had passed from one Presidency to another. The success of Lord and Lady Willingdon counselled not merely this breaking of a precedent, but might well have made him already Viceroy.

Their Excellencies had indeed given a quite particular prestige to the Governor's rôle. They made the rough places smooth ; they were at once so tactful and so enterprising that any difficulties would be eliminated. If there was a charity to organise, or some one to befriend, Lady Willingdon would understand, and at once decide what was to be done ; her charm would work the rest. He was not behind her in thoughtfulness and kindness. To this he added judgment : he really desired the welfare and progress of India ; he had the fullest sympathy with the politicians' aspirations ; at the same time he kept full in view the welfare of the masses and the stability of the country, and so established the deep confidence of Civil

Servants who knew that he appreciated to the full the work each did better for him watching.

The Montagu-Chelmsford reforms went far. When, as Governor of Madras, he returned to India, he watched over the working out of a great change. It was his task at once to gratify and to steady the Indian leaders at the same time as he encouraged a change of spirit among Britons serving in India. His tenure of office in Madras, therefore, was no less brilliant than that in Bombay. As Moslems were few, and the Brahmin majority was larger, he was able, as no other Governor was able to do, to make the new scheme work, to form a government and apply the dyarchy scheme through a council of ministers. In fact the Governor and Council General held joint sittings with the Ministers of the House, and Lord Willingdon presided over both.

Their Excellencies lived with zest the life of the new Presidency, enjoying the peculiar pleasure of a long residence at Ootacamund, where the Indian highlands produced a life and climate much closer to that of Surrey than he had been able to enjoy in the rank vegetation of Mahableshwar, or on the rocky and sultry ground of Ganeshkind.

Here the Governor displayed, not merely with Sir Mohammud Habib-ullah and Mr Ramaswami Ayyar, but with his far more numerous Council, a skill similar to that which, five years earlier, he had displayed with Sir George Carmichael, Sir Claude Hill, and Mr Chaubal. Here he was served as loyally by Mr Conran Smith as at Bombay he had been by Sir James Crerar. Here he won over to the necessary changes Sir Charles Todhunter and Mr Graham, just as he had worked in earlier years with Sir Patrick Cadell and Sir James Du Boulay. The task, however, was more delicate. As more reforms were given, so more were asked ; and the extreme demands of Indians were now voiced by a new leader. Mrs Besant, in her white home at Adyar, the Pandit Madan Mohun Malaviya in Benares sank into the background. Two disgruntled brothers, Mohamed Ali and Shaukat Ali, added a Moslem reinforcement to a Hindu who combined the fanaticism of a Sadhu with the training of the Middle Temple. With long fasts, which he would break only by the frugal sustenance of dates and milk, Gandhi enhanced the appeal

of his personality to the imagination of millions, who fixed a fascinated gaze on his figure. They saw an ascetic, clothed only with a loin-cloth. While a large Ingersoll watch, fixed to this with a safety-pin, attested the modern man, they saw around his striking head, with its heavy nose and enormous ears, the aureole of a mahatma. In this atmosphere of veneration he consummated his political manoeuvres: for his object was to undermine the prestige and authority of British rule. He employed that combination of political skill with austere sacrifice and ruthless concentration which Europe has since observed in Hitler. But here was no brutality; on the contrary, he cherished the most august secrets and tastes of India: he sought to save her from a desecrating industrialism; and his campaign was refined and exalted by the silent passiveness of *dharna*, completed in the political strike, *Satyagraha*. Lord Willingdon, while fully appreciating his zeal, nevertheless saw that this would mean chaos. He was as firm in his authority as he was conciliatory and liberal in his policy. He went to Delhi to see the Viceroy, insisting that he must govern or go. Lord Reading, understanding the threat to law, agreed. By arresting Gandhi they broke the magical prestige of the Mahatma, and order was assured.

When, in 1924, Lord Willingdon concluded his term in Madras, he left behind him a reverence and an affection such as no provincial governor had left before. The sane judgments of the administrator had been accompanied by a personal benevolence and a gift for friendship which made their Excellencies as popular in the Club at Ootacamund or in the cavalry mess at Bangalore as with the lepers, for whom they founded a home among the rice-fields of Chingleput. They had met Indians on equal terms, and made personal friends with them. None, in the long record of British administration, had been more successful in softening the hard crusts of racial prejudice. When, therefore, they returned to England, it was generally recognised that by tact and dignity they had given a brighter sparkle to the jewelled circle of the Crown, and wherever they went they would diffuse its significance.

At that moment a delicate task confronted the Foreign Office: to apply in Peking the indemnity of the Boxer

Rebellion. For an administrator of the age and prestige of Lord Willingdon to go to China without encroaching on the status of the British Minister required no less skill than generosity. In Peking he had the pleasant task of disposing of sums of money ; but while his work enhanced the prestige of his judgment, the charm of his personality won the heart of China. The King meanwhile had found where best to employ such a special friend and servant ; while still in China, Lord Willingdon was appointed to succeed Lord Byng of Vimy as Governor-General of Canada.

The contrast was marked enough between Madras and Ontario ; equally marked was the contrast between Mr Iyengar and Mr Mackenzie King, or between Madame Sarojini Naidu and Cardinal Villeneuve. In India spectacular ceremonial speaks of the prestige of princes and hierarchy recalls the past ; in Canada democratic modernness combines with equality to insist on change.

The latest moves in imperial policy had given the Dominion yet more independence than before. The proximity of an enormous republic exercised a constant pressure on the imperial tradition ; and Canada in 1926 was in fact much more conscious of its differences from Great Britain than Australia had been thirty years before. Lord Willingdon required to show the greatest elasticity in applying the lesson which he had studied in Victoria with Lord Brassey. At the age of sixty he was more than equal to this task. He had three principal pre-occupations : first, to apply and perfect the freer political relationship to Westminster ; secondly, to persuade the people that in the King's representative they had a friend ; and, thirdly, as time went on, to face the adjustments of Canada from boom to slump, for it was in the autumn of 1929 that the blizzard of deflation began to blow and the household of the world faced penury.

While the Governor in India is an administrator, the Governor-General of Canada is more a figure. His object is to know and sympathise with people. This was the task to which Lord and Lady Willingdon set themselves with that interest in sights, in private lives, in people and their problems which had made them already in India indefatigable travellers.

Through more than four years of those alternations of

parching summer with extremes of icy blast and snow, which make Canada as hard as Castile, among the descendants of the old French *habitants* and the trappers of Hudson Bay, among the fruit-growers of the Okanagan valley and the fishermen of the Skeena river, over the prairies of Manitoba and the foothills of Alberta, their Excellencies travelled from Rideau Hall to make friends with as many Canadians as they could. They drove through the great forests of the hemlock and the maple; they visited the lumber camps; they saw the harvest in Manitoba; they saw the old French streets of Quebec which wind down to the St Lawrence below the Château Frontenac; they made friends with big business men in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver not more easily than they met the newer communities of Kamloops, Saskatoon, or Moose Jaw. Everywhere their friendliness, their enterprise, their tireless interest, their gracious manners brought the impression of a personal benevolence, and inspired loyalty with a warmer satisfaction. Everywhere alike they enhanced the Canadian appreciation of the unity of the Empire and their bond with Britain. They made one great innovation. They not merely talked French to the French; but after putting the Citadel at Quebec in order, they spent two months of every year there that they might entertain the French. They left Canada, as they had left India, without ever making a mistake, and loved as few had been before.

Lord Willingdon was now sixty-four, but he was yet to enter on his most arduous task and his supreme success. Already the Viceroyalty of Lord Irwin, as he was then, was drawing to its end. Ramsay MacDonald thought he had decided whom to appoint in his place. But King George V insisted that his old friend was the one choice. Neither the Prime Minister nor the Secretary of State could refuse him. It was not an easy moment. Lord Irwin had walked down the path of conciliation so far that angels would fear to tread it further. He had accepted the leads of labour to such a generous extent that order was being endangered and civil servants insulted. No matter how much anyone cared for progress and conciliation, the time had come when order must be maintained. The King, therefore, was happy to have as Viceroy a man whose dignity and popularity were

proved there, and who had already a place in Indians' hearts.

The Simon Commission had already made an exhaustive report, which painted with brilliant skill a picture of India and summed up its political situation. But before its appearance, Lord Irwin had declared that the object of British policy was to make India, like Canada, a Dominion. In these circumstances, the succeeding Round Table Conference in London was in a difficult position. It was the more so as Mr Gandhi at first refused to allow his friends to attend it.

It was at this juncture that Lord Willingdon became Viceroy. The appointment gave him the keenest satisfaction. He loved India as a country; he had already succeeded brilliantly among her diversity of peoples. He welcomed the summer in Simla, the winter in Delhi in the sumptuous house built by Sir Edwin Lutyens. He knew the complexity of life, moving among its striking and significant scenes, the burning sun, the strange vegetation, the haunt of the teal and the tiger, ancient dignity of mosque and temple, the needs of the countless millions, the ambition of the Congress leaders, the claims and wealth of the Princes, the conflict of Moslem and Hindu, the demands of education, the problems of finance, the obligations of government, the needs of sympathy and advancement. He knew by the arts of entertaining the powerful and subtle minds with whom he would have to deal. He knew that the time of crisis had come, and that a mistake would mean crime and chaos; but that sympathy, sincerity, and friendship would still be as sure of their reward. Had he not watched it all for ten years, with a more benevolent interest than any Governor known to Bombay or to Madras? But now he was to explore the whole of India. In the Punjab, and the upper valleys of the Ganges and the Jumna, the weather is no longer moist: the winter is the clear, keen, sunny winter of Carthage or Cairo. The jungle is no longer the palm-groves and the rice-field, but the great dry plains drained by majestic rivers. The huge, triangular temple, with its grotesque carving and fantastic statues, is replaced by the austere simplicity of the mosque; and in the summer those who govern India look on the deodars of Simla over immense gorges to the far circle of

eternal snow. In a more virile India, Lord Willingdon must engage in a far heavier task.

The work of the Viceroy is far more important than that of any Governor. He is for all India the representative of the King-Emperor, the organ of his sovereignty. He both directs the Central Government in Simla and Delhi and advises the Secretary of State in Whitehall. He is the pivot both of conservation and of change. He has power over vaster stretches and varieties of country, over more numerous millions, than any ruler. The position of the Viceroy of India is the most romantic, the most powerful, the most splendid, and the most delicate of any in the world.

To this post Lord Willingdon came when, while crime was on the increase, it was impossible to stand still. The politicians of India were insistent on advance and history hung on the balance of huge issues. What line would the Viceroy take? He must strengthen authority at the same time as he encouraged conciliation. While directing and investigating a most complex scheme of government, he must decide on the moment to enforce order; for of all things order was the most precious—neither freedom nor advancement were so sacred to India's life.

In these circumstances another duel with the genius of the Hindu führer was inevitable; once again the half-naked but brilliant schemer, whose enigmatic smile, and whose contours of ears and nostrils suggested a Hindu amalgam of exalted and self-sacrificing enthusiasm to a conviction, of occult power and ruthless subtlety, measured his powers against the Etonian sportsman, so fine in features, so erect in bearing, so faultless in dress, so direct in character and ways of thought, so high in the dignity of England's honour and the Empire's noblest spirit.

Ramsay MacDonald was still Prime Minister. The movement must go forward; and once again a Committee in London debated constitutional reform. The main questions were the treatment of women and outcasts, the assurance of defence, the function of the Governors, the possibility that federation might mean not democracy but reaction, and, above all, the maintenance of law and order. The Mahatma himself consented to give evidence, while Mr Churchill elaborated his warning that

we must be careful, since 'one cannot feed a tiger on cat's meat.'

While these subjects were being debated in London, Lord Willingdon had to preside over equivalent discussions in India. The amount of detail was exhausting. As Mr Churchill himself said, India differs from the Dominions because 'in India moral, political, and economical considerations are outweighed by the importance of technical and administrative apparatus.' Yet the Viceroy must never allow that apparatus to overbear him. He made the innovation of bringing his private secretary with him to the Council, and later appointing him as Secretary to the Executive Council. Both the Viceroy and his secretary felt the strain. 'The impression which has been forced upon me during the few short weeks I have been engaged on my duties here is that the work a Viceroy has to do is much too heavy for a gentleman of my mature years.' So said the Viceroy himself shortly after arriving in Simla in 1931. In these circumstances it was necessary to use to the full his phenomenal gift for choosing men whom he could trust while he remained at the head less to administrate than to coordinate and inspire. His work was neither to labour with files nor to make pungent remarks. He grasped the big principles; he gave the big leads; he exerted his authority when he felt the obstacles to his administration were mischievous. He once again arrested Gandhi, and he used his authority to force through the budget, but he left it to Lord Linlithgow and his committee to labour at the details of the scheme, known as the White Paper.

To take a personal interest, to see things with his own eyes, to fly and so save expense and the anxiety of those responsible for the Viceroy's train, to cultivate friendships with countless personalities, to display endless personal kindnesses, to write countless letters of courtesy and appreciation, not least to maintain, with bodyguard and ceremonial, the appurtenances and effects of Sovereignty, these were the personal tasks to which Lord and Lady Willingdon devoted themselves, so ensuring a success of the heart not less than that they had gained in Canada or in their services in India from 1913 to 1924. One can only say that they were loved—loved for themselves, and loved because they could convey with distinction the

significance of Sovereignty. To bring home to all the majestic dignity of the Crown and to unite all in loyalty and admiration at the same time as they exerted an interest and beneficence that were practical and personal—this, as before in Madras and Bombay, was the task in which, throughout the Viceroyalty, the Willingdons consistently and magnificently succeeded. In fact, His Excellency achieved what seemed to be impossible. He rescued India from the perils that threatened whoever in 1931 was selected to be Lord Irwin's successor; he assured order; he strengthened the prestige of the British; and at the same time he steadfastly favoured his liberal policy of Indianisation and advancement.

He never refused an opportunity to serve. Even when, in his seventieth year, his great office in India was laid down among universal tributes of regard and admiration, and his twenty-three years of ungrudging giving of heart and personality were rewarded by a marquissate, Lord Willingdon's task was not over. In the last summer of his life, he who as Viceroy insisted on the arrest of Gandhi announced without equivocation that his aim was that India should at once be given the same status in the Empire as Canada or New Zealand, as indeed he had announced soon after he went out to Delhi in 1931. He always did for India all he could.

After the outbreak of war he flew to New Zealand to represent the Government at the Dominion Centenary. Here too tact was required. The Britain of the South, under the government of Pete Fraser, who had long worked as a navvy, was not merely a democratic contrast to the pageantry of India; it was at work on a socialism as extreme as that selected by Seaham or inflicted on Salzburg or Smolensk. The enthusiasm of Lord Galway, as he approached the termination of his office as Governor-General, was felt to be waning. But the arrival of Lord and Lady Willingdon in Wellington created an outburst of enthusiasm. They threw themselves with ardour into the life of the Dominion: they flew to its remote townships; they delighted in the kindness, the simplicity, the loyalty of the advanced though unsophisticated islanders; they travelled with warm appreciation through the beautiful scenes of bush, gorges, geysers, and volcanoes; they delighted in the skies alive with wind and light, in the

sun that poured down on the scarlet rata, the crimson pohutikawa, the great fronds of the ponga.

And even when this mission was accomplished, they went on another to South America. In the intervals, they had found a fitting home in the amenities of Walmer. Both Henry V and James II had been Wardens of the Cinque Ports. The position had about it something almost viceregal. It suited perfectly their wonderful gift for delightful entertaining, and yet it recalled how long and brilliantly they had represented the Crown. Here as always they looked with unfailing eagerness for opportunities to display the kindness and the courtesy which throughout their lives had brought happiness to thousands and to millions.

For Lord Willingdon was one of the great benefactors : as he had begun by working everywhere he worked for conciliation to the end ; he irradiated encouragement and pleasure. His ideal everywhere was harmony, and his presence acted as a great conductor acts on an orchestra of many instruments. Everywhere he taught how men may attain the fullest freedom of personal development if they think, as he did, of the whole rather than of themselves, of service and loyalty rather than honours and gain. But Lord and Lady Willingdon did more than this ; they carried hospitality to the point of genius, making every one they entertained their friends ; at the same time they realised that people, especially in India, look to the Crown for a sign of the splendour in which all by their loyalty and unity can share. It was done not alone by a character which accorded with St Paul's classic delineation of charity ; but with it went a willingness to arrange for and gratify the imagination, and thus to nourish the ennobling sense of glory. To all who came near them they brought persuasion of the truth of Burke's saying that government is one of the greatest blessings that God has given to man.

Those who knew Lord Willingdon knew that in spite of the apparently brilliant success of his career, his character was refined by patience. For in spite of appearances, and that nameless charm which was all sincerity and kindness, his life had not all been the smooth triumph that it looked. Even in the early brilliant days in Bombay he had news that his elder son, who was fighting in

Flanders, was missing ; nor did he ever know how the end came. And this was not alone among his crosses. A cloud of suppressed question and sorrow, in which some detected fatigue, sometimes veiled the kindliness of his eyes. But the secret of his sacrifice was his religion. When he was giving away the prizes at a public school in 1937, the subject of his talk was prayer. Prayer, he said, had sustained him night and morning in both his public and private trials. His zest in life had the temper, the virility, and the precision of a sportsman ; but the secret of his unselfishness was more august, and added to his sense of Empire and his character of a country gentleman those finer and more lasting qualities which are not found but in the grace and communion which are the gifts of the Spirit.

From his youth he was familiar with a liturgy which presents a picture of an ideal Christian government where, in concord between the King and his counsellors, deliberations are so guided that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations. He worked both in the Commons and in the Court towards that ideal, and with that same conscious elevation of purpose he led the mind of India and guided two Dominions. Wherever he passed, his soul shone like a star.

Such a life is for us in our travail the pledge of a victory infinitely stronger and more enduring than the shock action of tanks and bombers ; it is indeed the very secret of the Empire. It explains the significance of our link with India, suggests how to cure foreign policy of its diseases, and vindicates all loyalty to the King.

Art. 3.—NAPOLEON AND HITLER.

1. *Correspondence de Napoléon I suivie des Œuvres de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène*. 32 vols. Paris, 1858-70.
2. *Des Idées Napoléoniennes par Louis Napoléon Bonaparte*. 1839.
3. *Napoleon: The Last Phase*. By Lord Rosebery. Humphreys, 1900.
4. *Bonapartism* (O.U.P., 1908); *Napoleon* (Butterworth, 1912); and other Napoleonic Studies. By H. A. L. Fisher.
5. *Napoléon at S. Helena* (2 vols. 1888); *Napoleon in Exile* (2 vols. 1822). By B. E. O'Meara.
6. *Mémoires*. Par le Comte de Las Cases. 8 vols. 1828.
7. *Mein Kampf*. By A. Hitler. Trans. by J. Murphy. 2 vols. Hunt and Blackett, 1939.
8. *Hitler, a Biography*. By Konrad Heiden. 1936.

'HE has thrown a doubt,' said Lord Dudley of Napoleon, 'on all past glory; he has made all future renown impossible.' This says Lord Rosebery 'is hyperbole but with a substance of truth.' Evidently, then, Herr Hitler must look to his laurels!

'Conquest for conquest's sake is the ideal of a savage. Before conquest or empire can be justified, the end for which wars are fought and empires are won must be established in the court of moral pleas. In ultimate analysis what dream can well be more vulgar and barbarous than the conquest of the world by the sword? Apart from the bloodshed, misery, and desolation immediately involved in the process, what good or valuable result can be obtained from the general abasement of self-respect, or the violent destruction of national individuality?'

Those words were written not yesterday of Adolph Hitler, but by the late H. A. L. Fisher in 1912 *à propos* of Napoleon Bonaparte. *Si parva licet componere magnis*, they tempt irresistibly to a comparison. Yet, if as the Spanish proverb teaches, 'every comparison is odious,' the historian must always remember that historical parallels are full of pitfalls. Nevertheless contemporary events may explain, if they cannot excuse, an attempt to establish one.

Whether we think of Hitler or Napoleon it is Russia

that first comes into the mind : Borodino, Smolensk, and Moscow, are once more 'in the news.' Can any parallel be established between Napoleon's disastrous expedition in 1812 and the attack upon Russia launched by Adolph Hitler in 1941 ?

'Why did Napoleon make war on Russia ?' With that question Tolstoi begins Book X of his great, if overpraised, novel 'War and Peace.' As a novelist whose business it is to estimate personal rather than political forces, Tolstoi naturally lays stress upon the frailties of individuals, Napoleon's vanity and the thin-skinned susceptibility to insults of the Czar Alexander. Yet he does not neglect with a philosopher's insight to add that 'all the impulses that arose from what they believed to be their free will were the unconscious instruments of history.'

'I was in too great a hurry,' Napoleon himself admitted. Looking back he regretted that he did not at Tilsit make an end of Prussia and its Hohenzollern kings before embarking on the Moscow expedition. Repeatedly he insists that it was his marriage with Marie Louise that made him fatally confident that he could attack Russia with security. Other historians have described the Moscow expedition as completely gratuitous, sheerly (in the Greek phrase) 'hubristic.' Not so historians who are wont to trace cause and effect.

'We are not,' wrote Sir Archibald Alison, 'to regard the calamitous issue of the Expedition as the punishment merely of [Napoleon's] individual ambition, but as the inevitable result and just retribution of the innumerable crimes of the Revolution.'

More precise and more conclusive is Sir John Seeley's judgment :

'Russia's partial abandonment of the Continental system was not merely a pretext but the real ground of the war. Napoleon had no alternative between fighting for his system and abandoning the only weapon open to him of carrying on war against England.'

England was from the first and always, in Napoleon's eyes, *the enemy*. The seizure of the Ionian Isles, after his first victories in Italy (1796-97), was, paradoxically, the first step towards the defeat of England. The

islands were, like Malta, stepping-stones to Egypt. The conquest of Egypt was a preliminary to the conquest of India. The Egyptian expedition was undertaken only after Napoleon had reported to the Directory that the invasion of England was at the moment (1798) impracticable. By 1805 he had decided that invasion must be attempted. But the great army of 170,000 men and the flotilla of barges assembled at Boulogne were never employed for that purpose. Sir Robert Calder's interception of Villeneuve off Cape Finisterre (July 22) frustrated Napoleon's project. Nelson's great victory at Trafalgar (October 21) convinced Napoleon that the attempt at invasion could never be repeated.

What weapon remained in his armoury for the defeat of the islanders? Only the destruction of their commerce by hermetically sealing all the ports of the Continent, by excluding goods from England and her colonies, and by prohibiting exports to them. That was the 'Continental system.' Success depended on the absolute submission of the whole Continent to Napoleon's will. Napoleon's will was inflexible, his methods inexorable. 'Choose between cannon-shot against the English vessels which approach your coasts and the confiscation of their cargoes or immediate war with France.' Such was the ultimatum offered to the allied and client states. The suffering inflicted upon them became insupportable. The Czar Alexander refused at last to enforce Napoleon's orders. The expedition to Moscow was the result of his refusal. Of Napoleon's disastrous failure in Russia the 'German War of Liberation' (1813) was a direct consequence. The victory of Leipsic was followed by the invasion of France, by Napoleon's abdication, and the Treaties of Paris and Vienna.

Once again Russia is invaded: but Napoleon's great army of 680,000 men—the 'greatest army ever seen'—sinks into insignificance compared with the unnumbered millions who, with their aeroplanes, their tanks, and their parachutes, move at the bidding of Herr Hitler.

Napoleon's motive is now unmistakably revealed. What is Herr Hitler's?

No one can labour through 'Mein Kampf' and remain for an instant in doubt. The defects of that remarkable

book are glaring, and reveal only too clearly the hand of the half-educated enthusiast. Endless repetitions and irrelevancies; rhetorical extravagances and exaggerations; many gross perversions of history and still more tendencious half-truths; froth and hot air; not a little sheer nonsense—all this is undeniable. Nevertheless the book is profoundly interesting and important; the argument though far from close is logically consistent; the eloquence, if rough-hewn, is genuine and impressive, and the whole book illustrates (like the written word of Mr Churchill and Mr Lloyd George) the truth of its author's generalisation, that 'a brilliant orator writes better than a brilliant writer can speak, unless the latter has continual practice in public speaking.' Moreover, the book was evidently written not merely to formulate a programme, but to provide material for propaganda. And the method is admirably adapted to the end. To be effective propaganda must, Hitler insists, be concentrated on a single point which must be driven home by persistent iteration. Of that method he is himself a master.

The argument of 'Mein Kampf' can be briefly summarised. The salvation of the world depends on the predominance of the Teutonic race. That race must consequently be kept absolutely pure, and in particular must not be contaminated by the admixture of Semitic or Slav blood. Germans must especially avoid the errors of France:

'If France develops along the lines it has taken in our day, and should that development continue for the next three hundred years (!), all traces of French blood will finally be submerged in the formation of a Euro-African-Mulatto State. This would represent a formidable and compact colonial territory stretching from the Rhine to the Congo, inhabited by an inferior race which had developed through a slow and steady process of bastardisation' (p. 525).

This—be it said—is an example of Herr Hitler at his worst: and there is much nonsense of this sort. To resume the argument. The pure German breed must multiply and replenish the earth. To this end two things are necessary: a balance between industry and agriculture, and plenty of land (*lebensraum*). The need for

lebensraum is emphasised with tiresome (but perhaps effective) iteration. Where is the land to be found? Outside Europe all the lands fit for white colonisation are occupied. To obtain them by the sword would mean a war with the British Empire. This Herr Hitler wished (in 1924-26) to avoid. Besides, it is important that the German colonies should be in close contiguity with the motherland. Poland and Russia are the obvious fields for such colonisation. But these can be acquired only if the Germans begin by frustrating the attempt of France to establish hegemony over Continental Europe. No precept of German policy is more imperative than the necessity of continuous effort to prevent two Continental Powers arising in Europe. The Reich cannot otherwise be secure, or able to guarantee even to Germans the 'most sacred of all rights,' the 'right to the soil which he wishes to cultivate for himself. . . . The holiest of all sacrifices is that of the blood poured out for it.' Bloodshed in this sacred cause cannot be avoided, but it may be economised by prudent diplomacy.

Imperial Germany made the gigantic blunder of allying itself with the 'putrescent carcasses' of Austria and Turkey. The appropriate allies for Germany were Great Britain, 'the greatest world-power on earth' and Italy. 'No sacrifice should have been considered too great if it was a necessary means of gaining England's friendship' (p. 128). And what could have been more absurd than to imagine that Italy would fight alongside a Germany hopelessly involved in Austrian toils? At every point the interests of Italy clashed with those of Austria; nowhere with Germany's. Less and less will Italy pay heed to the 'hissing of the Jewish world-hydra,' more and more will she find herself in conflict with France. England's antagonism to Russia was natural and Germany should have encouraged it. Incidentally, 'I, as a German, would far rather see India under British domination than under that of any other nation.' Anyway, Germans must not imagine that 'England could lose India without having first put forth the last ounce of her strength in the struggle to hold it.' Nor, indeed, will she need to do this 'unless she admits racial disruption in the machinery of her administration' (p. 536).

The whole of the preceding argument tends to one

conclusion : In order to provide the *lebensraum* essential for the expression of the Teutonic people, Germany must annex German Austria and must conquer the inferior Slav races that destroyed the Habsburg Empire and now inhabit Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and Russia. The present conflict on Russian soil was, then, clearly anticipated by Hitler when he wrote 'Mein Kampf.' * Every step leading up to that conflict was foreseen ; every item in the programme formulated in 'Mein Kampf' has, in precise sequence, been punctually carried out. Not least clearly must the end have been foreseen—perhaps by both parties—when on August 21, 1939, Mr Molotoff and Herr Ribbentrop signed the nefarious Russo-German Pact. If Russia did not foresee the outcome of it, Hitler unquestionably did. The present rulers of Russia he wrote in 1925 'have no idea of forming an honourable alliance or of remaining true to it if they did.' But before Hitler could himself attack his ally there was much preparatory work to be done. Like Napoleon, he had to secure his flanks, and make sure that he would not have to fight simultaneously on two fronts. The conquest of Denmark, Norway, and Holland secured his left flank ; the conquest of the Balkans secured his right ; the annihilation of France removed the apprehension of two fronts.

Thus everything was ready for the supreme object of his policy : to clear the ground for German colonisation, and to rival American expansion towards the West by Teutonic expansion towards the East.

What more striking contrast could, then, be drawn than that between Hitler's Russian adventure and Napoleon's—between their aims and their methods ? Napoleon's attitude towards the Czar was perfectly straightforward ; either you must voluntarily enforce the Continental blockade, or I must, regretfully, incorporate Russia in the empire which I control. That Napoleon would have attempted to hold Russia a moment longer than was necessary to effect his immediate object is unthinkable. Hitler's ultimate object, quite clearly revealed

* Volume I was published in December 1925, having been begun in 1924 while Hitler was confined in the fortress of Landsberg am Lech after the somewhat inglorious attempt to raise an insurrection in Bavaria against Prussia. Volume II was finished in 1928. It is manifestly inferior in content and workmanship to Volume I.

in 'Mein Kampf,' is the permanent occupation of European Russia. Whether Russia was actually deceived by his methods we cannot know; that they were in the highest degree treacherous is plain.

We must now turn to consider a more general comparison between Napoleon and Hitler, of course assuming that the prayers of Hitler's slaves in many lands will be answered, that he too will meet his doom either in Russia or in the English Channel, and will presently be compelled to make the voyage to St. Helena.

Napoleon's part in the European drama was that of a conqueror. But as regards the territorial aggrandisement and even the strategical security of France his conquests were entirely fruitless. He left France no larger or safer than he found her. The true monument to his greatness is to be found elsewhere. To Liberalism and Nationalism, the two most powerful forces that fashioned Europe in the nineteenth century, Napoleon gave an immense and permanent impulse. 'If the conquests of Napoleon were ephemeral,' says H. A. L. Fisher, 'his civil work was built upon granite.' In this work Napoleon showed himself at once the heir of the Revolution and the product of the reaction against it. The tinsel of the Revolution he despised: all that was constructively sound and truly liberal in the work of the Revolution he preserved for France and indeed for a great part of Europe.

One or two illustrations must suffice. Take the ecclesiastical settlement effected by Napoleon. That settlement was inspired by Napoleon's conviction as to the important part which religion must play in any well-organised State.

'No society,' said Napoleon, 'can exist without morals, and there is no sound morality without religion. It is religion alone that gives the State a firm and enduring prop. A society without religion is like a ship without a compass.'

And again:

'The people must have a religion, and that religion must be in the hands of the Government. . . . People will say that I am a Papist. I am nothing. I was a Mahommedan in Egypt. I shall be a Catholic here for the good of the people.'

Compare with this Hitler's views on the place of religion in the national life :

' This human world of ours would,' he says, ' be inconceivable without the practical existence of a religious belief. . . . For the masses of the people, especially, faith is absolutely the only basis of a moral outlook on life. . . . It is only through dogma that [the purely spiritual idea] is given a precise and concrete form without which it could not become a living faith. . . . Accordingly the attack against dogma is comparable to an attack against the general laws on which the State is founded. And so this attack would finally lead to complete political anarchy if it were successful, just as the attack on religion would lead to a worthless religious nihilism.'

In theory, then, the parallel between the two dictators is complete : the divergence comes when theory takes shape in policy. Napoleon, observing the havoc wrought in the ecclesiastical order by the *Civil Constitution of the Clergy* enforced under the Republic, determined upon a Concordat between Church and State : Pope and Emperor * were to be friends if not allies. Moreover, Napoleon's avowed policy was 'to govern men as they wish to be governed.' The vast majority of Frenchmen were, he was convinced, deeply attached to the Church of their fathers and wished to enjoy the consolations of a religion administered by priests who were neither schismatics nor rebels. Napoleon held that so long as the citizen rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, the Christian should be free to render to God the things that are God's. Hence the *Concordat* of 1801 and the *Organic Articles* issued concurrently therewith. The *Concordat* was a treaty between Sovereigns, and defined the relations between the Emperor (to be) and the Pope : the Articles defined the relations between the State and the Churches in France. To neither instrument is any parallel to be found in the policy still less in the practice of Hitler.

From ecclesiastical to educational policy is an easy step. Napoleon's theory of the State did not differ much from Hitler's. The State is absolute : an absolute State must dictate the form and content of education.

* Napoleon was as yet only First Consul.

'There will,' wrote Napoleon in 1805, 'be no fixed State if there is no teaching body with fixed principles. As long as children are not taught whether they ought to be republican or monarchical, Catholic or irreligious, the State will not form a nation.'

The educational system devised by Napoleon endured in all essentials throughout the nineteenth century, and beyond it. At the apex of the educational system was Napoleon's new University of France, with the State lycées and colleges closely connected with it. Primary education was left to unofficial agencies, and whether Fisher is right in saying that it is a 'sound instinct of despotism to neglect the education of the masses' is doubtful.

Hitler does not think so. On the contrary, it was for the education of the masses that he was particularly concerned. German education in pre-war days, in his view, was altogether on wrong lines. Paying too much attention to the acquisition of knowledge and too little to the formation of character and to the development of a sense of responsibility and the strengthening of will power, it was hopelessly 'lopsided.' This lopsided literary education encouraged the illusion that 'man was meant to become lord and master of Nature.' He must learn that it is only by 'struggle and strife' that man can survive in a world governed by the law of the jungle. Racial purity is the first essential of success in the struggle. There must be a balance between mind and body, but healthy bodies must be ceaselessly developed from childhood to adolescence, from adolescence to manhood. We must not waste the 'highest intellectual training on those who are deformed and crippled.' By boys and girls alike gymnastic exercises must be regularly practised: by boys as preparation for fighting, by girls as a preparation for motherhood. Motherhood is for girls the end and object of education.

On that point Napoleon's views coincide with Hitler's. For a girls' school which he founded at Écouen Napoleon framed an elaborate and detailed *Code*. All the teaching must be based upon the Gospel of Christ: every day the pupils must have regular prayers, hear Mass, and learn the Catechism. They must learn the elementary subjects, a little science, history, and

geography, but no foreign languages, they must not even 'see any Latin.' They must have a dress allowance in order to practise economy and account-keeping. They must learn baking and household management: how to make their own and their babies' clothes and mend their husband's. Dancing is necessary for health, but 'not the kind they indulge in at the Opera'; the girls may learn music, but only vocal music; they must not act plays—nothing is worse; nor compete for prizes. Men must compete, but in the case of young girls competition should be banned; they must not even be distinguished by different coloured ribbons: 'we do not want to rouse their passions or to give play to the vanity which is one of the liveliest instincts of their sex.' In fine we must train them to become modest wives and good mothers.*

For boys—so Hitler insists—boxing is preferable to fencing; it hardens the body, stiffens the character, and imparts the self-respect which fosters the conviction that the individual is a match for anybody and everybody, and can contribute to the invincibility of the nation to which he belongs. In much detail he discusses the defective teaching of history—all important if rightly understood by the teacher and properly imparted to the pupil; of languages, and so forth in detail not guiltless of iteration, but with much nonsense are mingled sound maxims, well worth the consideration of those who hope to build up in post-war England a truly national system of education. ('Mein Kampf,' pp. 202, 208, 342–361.)

Of Napoleon it was said by Madame de Staël that 'of all the inheritance of his terrible power there remained to the human race only some further secrets of the art of tyranny.' That statement is manifestly untrue. Modern France owes to the man who salvaged all that was best in the old monarchy and in the Republic its civil administration and its legal system. Italy and, in less degree, Germany owe to him their national unity. For Europe as a whole Napoleon's work as a law-giver was second only in importance to that of Justinian.

Whether 'Mein Kampf' or the reported conversations of Napoleon with his entourage at Longwood is the less

* 'Official Correspondence of Napoleon,' vol. xv, No. 12585, 15/v/1807.

trustworthy is an open question. But, be that as it may, what could be more interesting than to compare in detail the programme and prognosis of Adolph Hitler with the reminiscences and reflections of Napoleon.* From neither source can we derive an impartial picture of the naked man, but we can learn from both what the men themselves would have the world believe them to be. It is no lover of mankind that the mirror of 'Mein Kampf' reflects for us. We see the ambitious, half-educated lad, soured by the experience of a sordid life in Vienna, the gay and luxurious capital of a doomed empire; we see the ill-clothed, half-starved stripling, already obsessed by hatred of the Jews and the Slavs, develop into a valiant fighter in the army of an adopted country, and invalided out of the ranks with honourable scars and well-earned decorations. We see the strong man becoming conscious of great powers of organisation and oratory, and determined to dedicate all his powers to the service of the State. He would lead the chosen people out of bondage worse than that of Egypt. He would eliminate from the body politic of Germany the Jewish poison which has contaminated blood on whose purity depends the hope of the world. To a Germany infected by the Jews in 1918 he would bring the hope of recovery. A first step was to build up a new party which, destroying all rival parties, would become coterminous with the totalitarian State. At that point prognosis ends: history begins. The history is too recent to require, not to add too controversial to permit, recapitulation.

One word of caution may not, however, be impertinent. *Nemo repente venit turpissimus*. Juvenal was right: Hitler is not the product of a day. Because to-day he has shown himself to be a monster of cruelty, a fiend in human shape, a persecutor intoxicated with blood lust beside whom Nero seems a pigmy, a man who oppresses conquered people with a ruthlessness which makes Napoleon look like the liberator he proclaimed himself to be—

* The doubt about the conversations or rather the dictations at Longwood extends from the author to his reporters. The trustworthiness of the reporters is discussed with great critical acumen by Lord Rosebery in 'Napoleon: The Last Phase' (e.g. in C's II and III). Gourmand alone of all the chroniclers, thinks Lord Rosebery 'strove to be accurate and on the whole succeeded.'

because of all this we must not set down as mere hypocrisy the finer emotions and more wholesome sentiments occasionally revealed in 'Mein Kampf.'

Alike to Napoleon and Hitler the State was the idol to be worshipped: both appreciated the place of religion in the fabric of a well-ordered State; both had views on education which command attention if they do not incite to imitation; the one looks forward to the work he fain would accomplish; the other looks back upon what he had done and still more upon what he would have done had the Allies been wise enough to leave him after his return from Elba in peaceful possession of a France confined, but secure, within its natural frontiers.

At St. Helena Napoleon constantly sought to harmonise his own achievements and intentions with the liberal atmosphere of a new era which an enlightened legislator would have inaugurated had he been victorious at Waterloo. The freedom-loving English would (he professed to believe) regret having won a victory which would, he predicted, 'prove as fatal to the liberties of Europe as was the Battle of Philippi to those of Rome.' For freedom and the rights of nationalities he had himself fought from his earliest campaigns in Italy, Egypt, and Syria, down to the war in the Peninsula and his campaigns in Germany and Russia. Over all this warfare he cast (in retrospect) the glow of enthusiastic liberalism. 'There are,' he said, 'in Europe more than thirty million Frenchmen, fifteen million Italians, thirty million Germans. I wished to make of each of these peoples a single nationality.' True, he had partitioned Venice, absorbed Genoa, and deprived the Pope of his Temporal Power; this was but a means, unhappily violent, to a beneficent end. Had a second son been born to him he would have bequeathed to him an Italy, united and independent.

Germany was a more intractable problem, but he had gone far to solve it. He had 'simplified the monstrous complication of German political geography.' By putting an end to the hoary anachronism of the Holy Roman Empire, by clearing off more than 300 petty sovereigns, by forming under his own presidency the Confederation of the Rhine, he had prepared the ground for Bismarck and anticipated Hitler's *Enabling Act* of 1933.

Poland would have been freed from thralldom to

Russia who should have found compensation in the Balkans. Had he conquered England, which did not lack political unity but was far from free, he would have abolished the House of Lords and reformed the House of Commons. In Ireland he would have set up an independent Republic. In Europe as a whole he would have anticipated the scheme of Aristide Briand and set up a Federal Union.

And France? Had not the 'Hundred Days' given earnest of his beneficent intentions? In the proclamation issued after his escape from Elba he had promised to renounce war and conquest, govern henceforth as a Constitutional Sovereign, and bequeath a Constitutional Crown to his son. The *Acte additionnelle* supplemented the Imperial Constitution, provided for a legislature of two chambers, one of peers nominated by the Emperor, the other of representatives indirectly elected by limited electoral boards. The Ministers were to be 'responsible' and the Press to be free. The new Constitution was promulgated at a well-staged ceremony, the *Champ de Mars*, just a fortnight before the battle of Waterloo.

All this was, however, only a foretaste of what Napoleon had meant to do had he been victorious on that field, and the whole of the aborted Constitution was sublimated and elaborated in the instructions dictated to Montholon to guide the footsteps of Napoleon II.* The instructions and reflections dictated by the prisoner of Longwood were not entirely wasted.

'As fragment after fragment passed across the ocean and sank into the popular mind the legend,' writes Fisher, 'took on the captivating form it was intended that it should assume. The harsh features of the Napoleonic despotism were forgotten. Men thought of Napoleon as the soldier of the Revolution, as the misunderstood idealist whose liberal plans for France and Europe were shattered by a cruel destiny.'

Nor did the legend lose anything when it was adorned by the pen of an imitative nephew and published from England in 1839 as 'Des Idées Napolioniennes.'*

* Lord Rosebery (*op. cit.*, p. 173) makes the interesting suggestion that the pretended 'instructions' said by Montholon to have been dictated to him were in fact composed by the future Napoleon III at Ham.

There remains one question to be answered. Does Napoleon's career help us to forecast the future of Herr Hitler ?

Avoiding dogmatism and declining prophecy we can at least compare the map of Europe to-day with the map as it was drawn in 1810 when Napoleon's power reached its zenith. Belgium, Holland, Germany west of the Rhine, and north-west Italy were all incorporated in the French Empire, which extended from the Elbe to the Tiber and also included the Kingdom of Illyria. Over an Italian kingdom, extending from the Alps to the frontier of Naples, the French Emperor himself reigned; as President of the Confederation of the Rhine he was virtually Emperor of Germany; the Austrian Empire and the Kingdom of Prussia had been cut down to the bone. One Bonaparte brother, Jerome, was King of Westphalia, another was on the rickety throne of Spain; a third was King of Holland;* a vain and disgruntled brother-in-law, Joachim Murat, was King of Naples; Switzerland was a client Republic; over Poland, reconstituted as the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, a faithful henchman reigned; Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's Marshals, was Crown Prince, presently to be King of Sweden. With this picture we may compare the map of Europe to-day—too familiar to justify recapitulation. What happened to Napoleon after 1810? Southey's 'Carmen Triumphale,' published in 1813, succinctly answers that question:

' From Spain the living spark went forth :
The flame hath caught, the flame hath spread !
It warms, it fires the furthest North.
Behold ! The awakened Muscovite
Meets the tyrant in his might ;
The Brandenburg, at freedom's call,
Rises more glorious from his fall ;

Up Germany ! With all thy nations rise
Land of the virtuous and the wise,
No longer let that free, that mighty mind
Endure its shame ! She rose as from the dead,
She broke her chains upon the oppressor's head,
Glory to God ! Deliverance for mankind.'

* Until 1810 when he abdicated and Holland was incorporated in France.

In sober prose : the national spirit, always active in Britain, never wholly extinguished in Spain, for the first time aroused in Germany, overthrew the tyrant and broke his power at Leipsic, and, finally, on the field of Waterloo.

Hitler's military position is at least as imposing to-day as was Napoleon's in 1810 ; his challenge to all that good men value is even more insolent than Napoleon's. To his ' armed doctrine ' of *Macht* the Allies to-day oppose the idea of *Recht*, the single word that stands for law, righteousness, and justice. *L'industrie nationale de la Prusse c'est la Guerre*. Mirabeau was right ; and the national industry of Prussia has to-day become the national industry of Germany. To the Hohenzollern kings Hitler is in the true line of succession. But shall not the *Rechtstat* (as the German jurists call us), which stands for right, at last overcome the *Kriegstat*, created by war and relying for survival on the sword ?

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Art. 4.—POLISH JEWRY UNDER NAZI TYRANNY.

A SURVEY of the persecution of the Jews in Poland by the German invaders affords a grim and graphic illustration of Hitler's 'New Order.' To describe in detail the ghastly tragedy that has overwhelmed this community of three and a quarter million Jews would need a volume, but even a summary account of the outrages and indignities inflicted upon them will suffice to show to what depths of barbarity and depravity their tormentors have sunk. It is a record of massacre and pillage, of expulsion and execution, of vandalism and sacrilege, of torture and sadism, of concentration camps and slave labour. However ruthless the afflictions heaped upon the Poles by the Nazi conqueror, unparalleled in the history of modern warfare, they are overshadowed by those of the Jews, who have been victimised and penalised in their two-fold character—as subjects of a vanquished State and the principal objects of Nazi hatred. In their assault upon the Poles, the Germans have singled out the intellectual elements and the political leaders for their especial savagery, so as to make the restoration of their national life more difficult ; but in the case of the Jews, all elements of the community without distinction are exposed to destruction.

As soon as the German troops entered Poland they flung themselves upon the Jews with demoniac fury, driving them—old and young alike—out of all the main towns and villages in the frontier area at the point of the bayonet or pistol, and giving them barely time to pack a few necessary things for the journey. Those who were unable to hurry or collapsed on the road were either clubbed or shot and left to die. The extent and rapidity of the evictions are shown by the fact that within two months only half of the 230,000 Jews in Lodz were left there, and by February 1940 the normal Jewish population of 13,000 in Kattowice had been reduced to 300. Thousands were sent in cattle-trucks to the district of Lublin, where a special 'Reservation' was established, but as the expulsions began before this was ready and continued after it was closed, large numbers were doomed to wander from place to place, a prey to hunger, thirst, and the bitter frost. Some succeeded in escaping to Lithuania and other

countries, but the majority were overtaken by the Nazi scourge. Within the first six weeks of the invasion 57,000 Jews had been deported to Germany for slave-labour; and within the first six months mass expulsions had already been reported from over 40 cities, including Lodz, Cracow, and Czenstochowa. The total number of Jews uprooted from their homes must have amounted to about a million, for 200,000 were exiled from the province of Poznan alone, where they were replaced by German settlers, and all Jews have been evicted from 43 small towns and villages in the districts of Warsaw, Radom, and Lublin, to make room for underground aerodromes.

Expulsion, however, was a tolerable evil compared with the pogroms and shootings to which so many fell victim. Some were shot on a trumped-up pretext, like the 22 Jewish nurses with the Polish Red Cross, who were condemned to death by the German military command after the fall of the fortress of Modlin, or the 20 Jewish schoolboys at Bochnia, near Warsaw, who were shot (in December 1939) on the charge of concealing weapons and supporting the Polish resistance. In some cases every tenth Jew in arrested groups was shot, as at Warka, near Warsaw (December 1939), and at Sosnowice (January 1940); but as a rule Jewish communities were massacred wholesale. Pogroms were carried out during the first few months of the occupation in many towns, including Chmelnik, Konskie, Kutno, Lowicz, and Lukow; and, indeed, there was hardly a single town or village in which at least some Jews were not killed. A terrible butchery was committed at Przemysl, where 800 were shot (September 1939), and there was a slaughter of 1,300 male Jews between the ages of 16 and 60, who had been seized at Chelm and Hrubieszow and were shot in batches in the course of a four days' gruelling march towards the Soviet frontier town of Sokal (December 1939).*

Further pogroms took place at Lask, Sieradz, and Czenstochowa. Many Jews at Nowe Miasto, in the Radom district, were shot at random, and in a five days' attack upon the Jews in Lodz many were killed and 200 wounded. At Ostrowa all male Jews were shot after being forced to dig their own graves (Dec. 7, 1939); at Tzcebinow 150

* Report in 'American Jewish Year Book,' 1940-41, pp. 371-72.

Jews were shot on the charge of concealing firearms in their homes; and at Zgierz a Jew named Zissman was buried alive on the charge of resisting the German forces. At Brok some Jews were shot in bed; others were dragged out of their homes to the cemetery, where they were bayoneted; and there were altogether 32 killed, whose bodies were left exposed a whole week, the prey of dogs and crows, before they were buried.* At Laskarew, near Warsaw, 37 Jews were seized by German soldiers and shot. All the Jewish men were deported from Ostrow Mazowiecki, and when a fire broke out after their removal the Jews who remained were blamed and 530 women and children were taken to the outskirts and murdered.† At Sieradz and Kolo Jews were publicly flogged, and in several cities, such as Cracow, Lodz, Tarnow, Kielce, and other places, many Jewish leaders and public workers were put to death without indictment or trial. In many cases the Nazi barbarians made their victims dance and dig their own graves before they shot them.

In Warsaw too there was the law of the jungle. Many Jews were seized in the streets or in their homes and never seen again, though some were released on payment of blackmail. A large number were arrested on the false charge of being connected with a young man, named Kot, who was born a Jew but baptised in childhood, and who was suspected of working a secret wireless station; and on another occasion 300 intellectuals were pounced upon by a group of Nazis, who went about with lists of names. One day two Polish constables called at the home of a young Jew in a large apartment house to search for stolen goods (although uniformed Nazi bandits could steal on a huge scale all day with impunity), and one of them was shot dead by the man, who escaped. Two days later, a posse of the Gestapo surrounded the house (9 Nalewki Street), and as they could not find the culprit they arrested not only all the Jewish men who lived there, but also all other Jews who happened to be there at the time—a total of 53. The following morning these were all shot on the pretext that they had not helped the police.‡

* 'Jewish Morning Journal' (New York), Nov. 30, 1939.

† 'The Tragedy of Polish Jewry' (Jerusalem), 1940, p. 12.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 25.

In addition to rifles and bayonets, fire also played an important part in the war against the Jewish community. The burning of synagogues, in cases where these were not converted into barracks or devoted to other military purposes, was almost a daily occurrence, after the invaders had seized all the ritual articles of silver and all the lamps of brass or bronze, many of them precious objects of art. By the beginning of 1940 200 Jewish houses of prayer had been set on fire at Radom, Kielce, and Ostrowiec alone, and within the next twelve months about a hundred more had been destroyed in other cities, including the 300-year-old synagogue at Grudzionz and the great synagogue at Lodz. In Poznan alone four synagogues were destroyed, and the burning of one of them was filmed by official Nazi photographers; while at Grojec (in the Warsaw district) Jews were forced to set fire to their synagogue themselves. The Cracow 'Volksdeutsche' even announced the formation of a special fire brigade for the burning of Jewish books and houses of prayer. Jewish cemeteries were likewise visited with the fury of the invaders, and the tombstones were removed for the building of roads.

The Germans were not content to kill and destroy: they also wished to obtain slave labour for the removal of debris, the construction of roads, and the working of the Polish coal-mines. They arrested Jews wholesale, first on the pretext that they had concealed arms, or resisted the military forces, or violated the currency regulations, but afterwards without excuse or explanation of any kind. In the case of the Poles only the unemployed were liable for forced labour, but all Jews were taken without distinction. Vast numbers were seized in Warsaw, Lublin, and scores of other cities, as well as from the camp at Zbaszyn on the frontier, where some thousands of Polish Jews exiled from Germany a year before the war had been marooned in the most abject conditions. Within the first three months 12,000 Jews had been arrested in Lodz, and the ashes of 600 who had been detained were received by their relatives. From the Kalisz district 4,000 Jews were transported in locked railway carriages to Lukov, without food or drink, and when, after a journey of several days, the carriages were opened in the presence of representatives of the American-Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, scores of dead, wounded, and sick were taken

out. Concentration camps were established at Cracow, Lodz, Warsaw, Wegrow, and other centres, and by the summer of 1940 the number of Jews interned was estimated at over 1,600,000. So great was the congestion of prisoners at the Lodz camp that (according to a Copenhagen report of March 22, 1940) 30 to 40 persons were shot every Thursday to make room for newcomers. Socialists, whether Zionists or not, were hunted down and imprisoned. A decree was published in January 1940, that all Jews throughout the occupied area were liable to two years' forced labour. The Council of the Jewish community in Warsaw had to provide 15,000 men to build new roads leading to the Russian frontier, a task for which another 15,000 were drafted from other cities. The labour camps in which these 30,000 men were herded were in a shockingly primitive state, and there was a death-rate of ten per cent., of which six per cent. was due to illness and the rest to shooting. Warsaw Jewry had also to provide 25,000 men for work in connection with the regulation of the rivers Vistula and Bug, between the capital and Lublin. Nor were men alone reduced to slavery. In March 1941 all Jewish women between the ages of 17 and 35 became liable to conscription for work in labour camps. This edict affects about 200,000 women, who will have to serve the German war industry by working in clothing and boot factories that are to be established in Poland in order to escape British bombing. But the lot of these women will at least be preferable to that of hundreds who were seized in the streets of Warsaw, Lodz, and other cities in order to be placed in military brothels.

In addition to killing, destroying, and mobilising slave-labour, the Germans have also carried out wholesale robbery. Gestapo officials and soldiers broke into Jewish homes ostensibly in search of 'hidden arms' and pocketed whatever money or valuables they found. The plundering of Jewish shops and factories in Warsaw, especially of leather and textile goods, went on systematically for weeks; and the loading of this booty upon lorries had to be done by the Jewish owners themselves with the help of labourers provided by the Communal Council. Then began the process of formal confiscation. The owners of all factories were compelled to give them up either for a mere song or for nothing at all; those who resisted were imprisoned

and tortured until they yielded, and many committed suicide. All the textile factories in Lodz, Tomaszow, and Bielsko-Biala were confiscated within a few weeks after the invasion, and a similar fate befell factories and other Jewish property in scores of other cities. In Kattowice all the large department stores belonging both to Jews and Poles were looted by newly arrived Germans. All Jewish libraries and similar institutions were despoiled 'officially': the valuable collection of manuscripts and rare books housed in the Great Synagogue in Warsaw was carted away to some unknown destination, as was likewise the art collection in the community's museum. In order to legalise previous depredations the confiscation of all immovable property owned by Poles and Jews in the western provinces was ordered by the Germans in February 1940; and a special tax was imposed upon all Jews owning property (including clothing and furniture) of the value of more than 2,000 zloty. Moreover, all Jewish property throughout the 'General Gouvernement' had to be registered, and all Jewish shops and other commercial establishments had to be either liquidated or transferred to 'Aryan' ownership.

The Nazis have shown a particular rapacity for money. Not only have they levied 'contributions' upon all Jewish communities, but they have also devised other means of enriching themselves. A common method of extortion was to impose a collective fine on some fictitious pretext: at Wloclawek the Jews were fined 10,000 zloty on the charge of firing their own synagogue, and those at Punsik (Suwalki) were fined a similar amount. In Warsaw all the money that was in the office of the Communal Council, about 120,000 zloty (£5,000), was pocketed by a Gestapo official accompanied by several soldiers. Later a collective fine of 300,000 zloty was exacted as a penalty for the shooting of a Polish policeman, which had cost 53 Jews their lives; and then the sum of £500,000 was extorted, towards the end of 1939, in return for the concession of postponing the creation of a Ghetto.* In comparison with these exactions the fine of 50,000 zloty levied upon the Jews in a district of Warsaw, who were ordered to set fire to their synagogue, for the damage thus done,

* Report in 'American Jewish Year Book,' 1940-41, p. 370.

was a trifle. In several cases the system of Dane-geld was applied. The Lodz community secured a two months' respite for the banishment of 50,000 Jews at the cost of 9,000,000 zloty, and those of Sosnowice, Bendzin, and Dabrowa obtained similar concessions for a million zloty each. At Tomaszow, Skarzisk, and Wodrzilaw Jews were ordered to pay special taxes for permission to perform the rite of circumcision.

Soon after the occupation of Poland the Germans conceived the plan of creating a large 'Reservation,' in which to concentrate a vast number of Jews. They chose a district south-east of Warsaw, in the vicinity of Lublin, between the rivers Vistula and San, about 60 miles long and 50 miles wide, where, in the most wretched conditions, it was intended to dump hundreds of thousands of Jews from Poland and all parts of the Reich. By the middle of October 1939 some 2,000 Jews had been transported from Vienna, packed in cattle-trucks, and without food or drink on the journey; and by the beginning of 1940 the 'Reservation' already contained over 30,000 Jews, including 12,000 from the Reich and 4,000 from Bohemia and Moravia. The deportees were allowed to take with them 300 marks in zloty, besides tools and a limited amount of clothing, but all their remaining possessions—whether money or anything else—had to be left behind for the benefit of non-Jewish 'welfare purposes.' Entire communities were ordered to pack up at short notice for dispatch to the 'Reservation'; there were thousands from Lodz alone; and even Jews who had been waiting at Hamburg to sail for America were seized and sent off there. The German authorities, in the first flush of inspiration, saw in this plan a means for the comprehensive solution of the Jewish problem. They even ordered that all the Jewish insane in Germany, Austria, and other countries under their rule should be transferred to asylums in the Lublin area, to be looked after entirely by the Jews themselves. But they were soon made to realise that they had overshot the mark, for as the wholesale deportations interfered with the railway traffic and the insanitary conditions and lack of medical aid caused an epidemic of typhus, the Germans were obliged, in their own interest, to stop further transportations.

Since this would-be solution of the Jewish problem

had failed, the German authorities decided to revive the mediæval system of Ghettos, giving as a reason that Jewish dwellings were known as breeding-places of pestilence and that it was necessary to protect the Germans from infection. The Ghetto in Warsaw was created in what was the predominantly Jewish quarter, but as this formerly contained only about two-thirds of the Jewish population and also a large contingent of Polish Christians, and as nearly forty per cent. of the houses in this district had been destroyed by the military bombardment, the crowding of all the Jewish inhabitants of the city into this area entailed the severest hardships. For all Jews who lived outside the Ghetto had to move inside within a week, and all the Polish Christians who lived inside had to move out. At first the Gestapo ordered that the Jews themselves should forcibly evict the 24,000 Christian families living in the Jewish quarter and threatened that 24 Jewish hostages would be executed if this were not carried out, and it was not until after urgent representations by the Jewish Communal Council, some members of which were whipped by the chief of the Gestapo, that the latter admitted the impracticability of the demand by releasing the hostages after five days. Moreover, the Jews who had to shift were not permitted to take their furniture, but only bedding, household linen, and personal belongings. The ensuing state of chaos and confusion, of impoverishment and overcrowding, of physical discomfort and mental despair, baffles description. Before the war the Jewish population in the whole of Warsaw was 333,000, but early in 1941 the number in the Ghetto alone, according to one source,* was 400,000; while, according to a German authority,† it was as high as 560,000 (the increase since the war being doubtless due to the influx of refugees from other towns, and the inclusion of non-Aryan Christians). Owing to this terrible congestion, with two families often crammed into a single room, a certain number of Jews living outside the Ghetto were allowed to remain; and as there were many Jewish architects, technicians, and skilled workers living in the Ghetto, who were employed on non-Jewish undertakings or were required to work in German war-

* 'The Times' (Budapest correspondent), March 26, 1941.

† 'Berliner Boersen-Zeitung,' March 1941.

factories (or else go to jail), they were given permits to leave in the morning but had to return in the evening. All Christians of Jewish blood had also to settle in the Ghetto, where they have a Catholic church with a priest of Jewish origin.

The Warsaw Ghetto is surrounded by an eight-foot concrete wall, which has 22 huge gates, each of which is closed at night with seven locks. There are three policemen—a German, a Pole, and a Jew—at each gate, who examine the credentials of all who wish to pass through. There is a Jewish police force of 1,000 men, who wear special caps and armlets marked with the 'Shield of David,' and whose duties are to keep order, regulate the traffic, supply labour for the military authorities, and see that all instructions are carried out. The administration of internal affairs is in the hands of a Council of Elders, who are responsible to the German authorities, and have to organise their own health and postal services, consisting entirely of Jews. Every letter is subject to double postage, and letters for foreign countries are taxed one zloty extra—an imposition contrary to International Law. Business relations between Jews and Poles are strictly limited and are controlled by German officials at the gates, since 'Aryans' may not enter. Jews can only use special tramcars that run through the Ghetto, and these are guarded by policemen to ensure that Jewish passengers do not pass beyond its limits without permission.

Ghettos have also been created in the cities of Lodz, Cracow, Lublin, Radom, and Kielce. The largest of these is that in Lodz, which contains 170,000 Jews, who live in overcrowded dwellings, mostly in a state of poverty and misery. The local 'Litzmannstaedter Zeitung' boasted that 10 Jews on an average were punished daily for offences, but these consisted of nothing more heinous than trying to smuggle bread into the Ghetto in exchange for cigarettes and matches. It was at first intended to expel all the Jews from Cracow, but after 57,000 had been evicted the remaining 14,000 were transferred to the Ghetto formed in the Kazimierz quarter, where the mediæval Ghetto had been located. The Ghetto in Lublin, which was instituted only last April, is supplementary to the 'Reservation,' and that of Radom, containing 35,000 Jews, comprises 10 streets in two separate areas.

In all these Ghettos the conditions are appalling: apart from the overcrowding and the difficulty of earning a frugal living, the Jews suffer from insufficiency of food, fuel, clothing, soap, and medicaments. The bread ration in Warsaw is 240 grammes daily for the Germans, 120 grammes for the Poles, and 60 for the Jews. This bread must at least be three days old before it is sold, and it is not always procurable. The consequence is that disease and epidemics are rampant, and deaths are high. Typhus is particularly prevalent, especially in the Lublin district, and in Warsaw, where the Jews have been deprived of their chief hospital, there are 100 cases a month—all in the Ghetto. Owing to the general under-nourishment there was an average of 450 deaths a day in Warsaw last May, a third of which were in the Ghetto. Before the war the mortality among the Jews in Warsaw was 400 a month, in June 1941 it was 6,000. The prevalence of typhus, although not confined to the Jews, was used as an excuse for subjecting them to the humiliations of special delousing stations, burning all their upholstered furniture, and 'fumigating' their clothes until they were full of holes. All these sanitary measures were designed to harass and torment and could be bought off with money.

Their common sufferings have brought the Jews and the Poles much closer together than they were before the war, and despite the Ghetto walls the Poles try to help the Jews by selling or giving them food and clothing. Such aid is strictly forbidden by the Nazis, who wish to starve the Jews, and special precautions have been taken to enforce the prohibition. But the Poles defy the enemy by carrying on what trade they can in the black-out and even by throwing food over the walls, although they are liable to heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment. In January alone, in Lodz, 324 Jews and Poles were sent to prison by the Germans in their attempt to stamp out this illicit trade, some of the sentences ranging from two to seven years' hard labour. A Polish woman who gave a Jewish child half a pint of milk was let off lightly with four months in jail. But as imprisonment has failed to act as a deterrent, the Germans have now introduced the death penalty for these acts of mercy. A tribunal at Inowroclaw, near Poznan, sentenced a Polish shopkeeper to death for supplying a small quantity of coal to 'Ghetto

Jews,' who are allowed to burn only peat; and the 'Ostdeutscher Beobachter,' which reported the case, stated that four accomplices had been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.* A Jew named Abraham Kantorowicz was publicly hanged at Kutno on the charge of smuggling a small quantity of sugar into the Warsaw Ghetto, and three Poles were executed at Wloclawek in connection with the same charge.†

There are other directions too in which the spirit of comradeship has developed between Jews and Poles, despite all the efforts of the Germans to antagonise the latter against the former. The fellow-victims have combined in acts of resistance, in some cases under Jewish leadership, and many Jewish engineers have been shot for sabotage. Many Poles have started learning German, in order to be able to speak to the German officials or to understand the soldiers, and they prefer to have as their teachers either German-speaking Poles or Jews, but the latter are forbidden to teach German either for payment or gratuitously. A striking display of solidarity was made by a number of Polish patriots, who one night destroyed part of the Ghetto wall in Warsaw and hoisted a Polish flag on the ruins.

The Nazis have also enacted a number of regulations for the purpose of imposing additional hardships and humiliations upon their helpless victims. In most cities the Jews from the age of 12 are compelled to wear a yellow arm-band or some other distinctive armlet, with the design of the 'Shield of David.' In many towns also Jews have been ordered to shave off their beards, and those who have failed to do so have been seized in the streets by Storm Troopers, who have cut or torn off their beards violently, leaving them with lacerated and bleeding cheeks. Even old and venerable Rabbis have been subjected to this painful indignity by uniformed ruffians. Jews must immediately step off the pavement if they see a Nazi approaching, or else suffer the consequences. They are forbidden to visit parks or market-places. If they wish to travel within the city they must either use trailer-tramcars reserved for them or go on foot, but they cannot

* 'Jewish Chronicle,' March 7, 1941.

† 'The Times,' June 11, 1941.

make a journey by train except in an extreme urgency, and then only with a special permit. Requirements of the Jewish religion have also been ruthlessly trampled upon. The ritual slaughtering of animals for food (*Shechita*), although declared by scientific experts to be most humane, has been forbidden throughout Poland as in all Nazi-dominated lands. All Hebrew Bibles in courts of law have been burned, and assemblies for public worship are strictly forbidden on pain of heavy penalties.

In comparison with all these sufferings the position of the Jews in the part of Poland occupied by Soviet Russia was tolerable since, despite the various hardships, there was no racial persecution. But as soon as Germany unleashed the war against Russia, a new chapter of horrors began. Tens of thousands of Jews fled with the Soviet troops, and those who remained behind were driven out of their burning homes, herded together, and marched off by armed guards. Sixteen hundred Jews in Bialystok, 600 in Lomza and Brest-Litovsk, and hundreds in Grodno and Przemysl were arrested for sabotage, and many were massacred in cold blood. In Bialystok also (according to a report from Moscow) 300 Jews were driven into a synagogue by the Nazis, who later set it on fire.* At Rozanka, near Grodno, there was a regular pogrom. In Lwow, where there were excesses on a large scale, 35 Jews were compelled to dig their own graves and were pushed into them and buried alive, and 80 who were employed at a chemical factory were shot. Enormous numbers between the ages of 16 and 60 were drafted into forced labour battalions in Lwow, Bialystok and other districts, for the purpose of clearing away the debris of bombed houses and repairing destroyed roads and railways.

Ghettos have been created in Lwow and Bialystok, where most of the Jewish quarter has been destroyed, so as to facilitate the task of persecution. The Bialystok Ghetto has been started with 50,000 Jews, whose numbers are to be increased by another 200,000 living in the district. The German commandant of the city has informed the Jewish communal leaders that owing to frequent acts of sabotage, which he alleges to be mainly the work of Jews, their community will be held responsible for all acts that

* 'The Star,' Aug. 27, 1941.

hinder the German war effort, and that if they wish to escape serious reprisals they must help the German troops. Meanwhile, the Jewish inhabitants in this recently invaded area are suffering from starvation, as all available food has been removed to feed the German soldiers wounded on the Russian front. The mortality among the children is particularly high owing to the lack of milk. So numerous are the dead, and so great is the destitution, that the Jews cannot afford to bury them themselves, and therefore place the corpses in the streets, to be taken away by the local authorities.

The Nazis are systematically pursuing a policy of degradation, demoralisation, and extermination. They have enlisted for this purpose 700 followers of their paid puppet, Hetman Skoropadski, who have been brought into the Lwow district to assist in acts of repression. These Ukrainians have been trained by the Gestapo in Cracow during the past eighteen months under the leadership of the Jew-baiter, Michael Bandera; and with the aid of these quislings the Nazis have discovered numbers of Jews, Poles, and Ukrainians in sympathy with the Russians, and have sent batches daily to new concentration and labour camps. One of the vilest of these 'camps' is at Jaslo, in Southern Poland, where several thousand Jews have been herded into a small enclosure near the local prison, in which they are subjected to the most outrageous treatment. With the help of the radio the Nazis have introduced a new horror into their methods of persecution. One of their 'S.S.' war reporters broadcast a message from Bialystok, describing reprisals taken on the alleged discovery of a large quantity of arms and ammunition in the synagogue, and his story was punctuated by the heart-rending cry of an old man: 'Help, help! Don't kill me! I am innocent!' The reporter gloatingly explained that the cry was that of the Chief Rabbi in the synagogue.

Such, then, is the 'New Order' of Hitler as applied to the Jews in Poland. Such is the story of the unbridled savagery and sadism committed by a people that cynically boasts of being a master-race against a people that has endured more martyrdom than any nation in history. It does not pretend to tell all that the Jews have suffered during the past two years, nor attempt to estimate the

scores—or perhaps hundreds—of thousands who have fallen victims to the modern Huns, either by being shot, or hanged, or buried alive, or by death from starvation, disease, or suicide. Nor has any account been given of the deliberate destruction of their communal life, their intellectual activities, and their social welfare system, which had been carefully fostered and developed throughout the centuries. Their calamity, which continues and grows day by day, is without parallel both in their own chequered history and in the misfortunes that have befallen so many nations in the course of the present war. But great as is their agony, they bear it with unfaltering fortitude and indomitable faith, confident that the day must and will come when their oppressors will be crushed and destroyed and they will once again live in peace and liberty.

ISRAEL COHEN.

Art. 5.—GERMANY VERSUS PRUSSIA.

1. *Germany: Jekyll and Hyde*. By Sebastian Haffner. Translated by Wilfred David. 1940.
2. *Exit Prussia: a Plan for Europe*. By Edgar Stern-Rubarth. 1940.
3. *Germany Speaks*. By Twenty-one Members of Party and State. With a preface by Joachim von Ribbentrop. 1938.
4. *Reaching for the Stars*. By Nora Waln.

'GERMANY,' like every other similar appellation, is a term of divers connotations. Now it signifies a territory, now a government, now a population. It may even become a synonym for a mere majority—or still worse, a minority—of that population. The twenty-one officials who collaborated in the third work on our list ('Germany Speaks') claimed to be the spokesmen of a nation; in reality they were only the mouthpiece of a party.

In the title of this article, and in the two works first mentioned beneath it, 'Germany' stands for something different from all these: namely, the western portion of the territories included in the Hohenzollern Reich. With its almost purely Teutonic population, this forms a contrast to the eastern, or Prussian, provinces of the same Reich, wherein the German population intermingles with races of Slav or other descent. The distinction may well prove crucial; since what may be true of Prussia, or of a Germany dominated by Prussia, may be false if applied to a non-Prussian, or non-Prussianised, Germany.

The subject of the two above-mentioned works is the same: the future of this Germany and this Prussia in the event of an Allied success. The solutions proposed, though not identical, have much in common. Both are written from the standpoint of a West German—i.e. a non-Prussian—patriot, driven into exile by the excesses of the present government. But the outlook of Herr Stern-Rubarth, a former managing director of the 'Wolff' news agency, and creator of the 'Daily Bulletin' (German Foreign Office), who was dismissed by Herr Hitler in 1935, is more cosmopolitan than that of Herr Haffner. The latter, a lawyer by profession, worked under the Nazis for six years; but,

about the year 1939, found himself obliged to flee from his country, under, it would seem, circumstances of great peril.

He thus left Germany some years later than Herr Stern-Rubarth; and the most valuable part of his work consists in the very elaborate analysis he offers us of the various rifts and trends of opinion which divided Hitler's Germany at the time he quitted her.

In Hitler himself he sees nothing admirable: only the corrupt egoist, the guttersnipe fortuitously raised to a sinister eminence. The subordinate Nazi leaders—an oligarchy of perhaps 10,000—he dismisses as a mere band of active and unscrupulous careerists. It is the Nazi rank and file, amounting perhaps to twenty per cent. of the general population, which constitutes, in his eyes, 'the real German peril.' Largely recruited from the undisciplined young desperadoes of the stormy post-war period, they have now become a

'solid kernel . . . highly organised, determined, armed, unscrupulous, and morally inaccessible, . . . a numerically strong, and, politically, even stronger, bodyguard of the regime. They would,' he says, 'perhaps even maintain [it] by intensifying "frightfulness" even if the whole "loyal" population became disloyal.'

Their most representative type is to be found in the S.S. or Black Guards.

He next treats of the 'average German,' the population which is 'loyal'; but loyal 'to Germany'; for the supposed interests of which it tolerates and, in public, too often condones, Nazi excesses. This represents the section of opinion which was devotedly loyal to the Imperial Reich. At the outbreak of the last war it constituted almost one hundred per cent. of the population; now he is unable to credit it with more than forty per cent. of this. It is to be found in all classes; but its strongholds are the petty bourgeoisie and the provincial upper middle classes, especially in the old Prussian provinces and in certain South German cities. It abounds in the civil services, and in the legal profession it forms a majority. It is well represented in universities and schools, in the Press, and in the Army also; though since 1938 the forces, more especially their

younger commissioned ranks, have been largely Nazified. Even certain of the ministers—Finance and Railways, for instance—apparently belong to this class. It is in this 'loyal' category that one finds the decent, amiable, cultivated folk so often met by the sympathetic visitor in Germany; and so charmingly—if somewhat idyllically—portrayed in Miss Waln's delightful pages. But these kindly people possess no strength of character. Singularly unpolitical, they have an actual distaste for self-government; they only ask to be firmly, and if possible well, governed; and that by some system which takes off their shoulders the 'dirty work' which they always associated with politics, leaving them free to 'cultivate' in peace and comfort their own particular 'garden.' Such essentially 'humane' persons are, as may be supposed, by no means happy under the Hitlerian regime; and submit with very real reluctance to the required sacrifice of all that makes life lovable, or even livable—honour and decency included—on the Moloch-altar of German aggrandisement. But they possess a phenomenal susceptibility to 'suggestion' and an equally phenomenal capacity for self-deception. Their mentality is, in consequence, confused; their attitude self-contradictory and vacillating. They do not really believe in Nazi propaganda, yet are sub-consciously hypnotised by it. They will stoutly deny all the atrocities of the concentration camps, yet shiver at the bare possibility of encountering them in person.

He next proceeds to describe the 'disloyal' population; i.e. those who so deeply resent the moral and political degradation of Nazi-rule that they would almost, in some cases quite, welcome military defeat as a means of overthrowing the corrupt tyranny under which they groan. These he reckons at thirty-five per cent. of the population. Foiled at every turn by the Gestapo, baffled by insidious propaganda, they are helpless in face of the terrible powers which science places in the hands of a modern despotism.

Still more tragic is the fate of those whom he calls 'the Opposition'; those who would, if they could, be conspirators, and who still carry on petty, obscure, inane intrigues against inexorable and omnipresent Power. Remnants of more or less extremist parties—Communists, Social Democrats, and the Black Front—they pay still, by

hundreds if not by thousands, in concentration camps, death cells, and execution yards, the terrible blood-tax demanded of them for merely insignificant breaches of the political code. Their sole reward is the one-day's Scarlet Proclamation on the Berlin hoardings; which declares that a traitor has met the doom he deserves.

Lastly, he turns to his own class, the 'emigrés'; and with a bitterness which if natural, is yet unjust, castigates the Allies who have afforded them so little help or recognition; who have failed to see in them the spearhead of internal revolt. Far different, he cries, was the fate of seventeenth-century Huguenot, or Fleming exile. But he forgets that under-population, not over-population, was the seventeenth century bugbear; and that Fifth Columnist intrigues have rendered it almost impossible, to-day, to distinguish the martyr for his political opinions, from the paid spy posing as such.

These are the facts by which Mr Haffner leads up to the policy which we must explain later on.

Mr Stern-Rubarth's method of approach is different. Hitlerism, he declares, is only the extreme development of a Prussian ascendancy over Germany. Let us see to what extent history supports the charge.

Prussia came late upon the stage of German history. The old German Empire which succeeded to the Roman, and assumed the designation of 'Holy Roman,' had already been in existence during four centuries, when, in the year 1225, the Duke of Mazovia summoned the 'Teutonic Knights' (a crusading Order) to undertake a special mission, i.e. the forcible conversion of the 'Borussi' and other pagan tribes, then occupying the debatable lands on the German-Polish-Muscovite frontiers. It was, we remember, from 'Pruce' and 'Lettow' that Chaucer, a century and a half later, was to recall his 'very gentle knight,' that doughty champion of Christendom against the heathen hordes. The Teutonic Knights, however, are said to have proved no very gentle missionaries; their zeal appears to have been rather of an exterminating order. Yet paganism survived, it is said, at least until the Reformation, among the remnants of the persecuted Wends; and even now small Wendish and Lithuanian communities can be traced as far as to the environs of Berlin. The patronymics, again, of many among the

East Prussian Junker strains display, even to-day, characteristically Slavonic terminations.

Meanwhile, the Reformation was invading these outposts of the Empire. The Order became secularised. Its then Grand Master, a scion of the South German House of Hohenzollern, accepted Lutheranism; and was created, under Polish suzerainty, hereditary Duke of (East) Prussia. His granddaughter and heiress, in the year 1600, intermarried with another branch of the Hohenzollern family; which had acquired, a century and a half earlier, the Electorate of Brandenburg.

Thus doubly a Hohenzollern, a grandson of this marriage, 'The Great Elector,' evinced for the first time those characteristics which were to distinguish his House. Succeeding to his authority at a time of exceptional stress, he not only managed to shake off Polish suzerainty, but was also able to leave behind him at his death in 1688 a well-filled exchequer, a country economically prosperous, improved educational institutions, and an army highly disciplined, well-equipped, and relatively numerous. He had also evolved a system of government which remained typically Prussian. It was in practice an autocracy; but the noble caste, which other despotic potentates, such as Louis XIV of France, had transformed into sycophantic courtiers, became in Prussia the raw material of a very efficient civil and military bureaucracy.

His son increased the paternal dominions, and acquired (a good deal to the disgust of longer established dynasties) the coveted title of king. His successor followed the family tradition; and on his decease in 1740 left a well-managed patrimony, accumulated treasures, an army of 800,000, reputed the best in Europe, and a civil service the most modern and efficient of its day. In the course of half a century or so Prussia had thus very definitely 'arrived.'

She was, moreover, so far the very antithesis of the ordinary German principality, during the early eighteenth century. Such were in general governed, not perhaps too competently, but not on the other hand very oppressively, by dynasties of long standing; mainly concerned in imitating, in their own petty courts, the luxuries and formalities of Versailles. Their populations remained more or less content to leave government in the hands

wherein it had so long rested ; provided it encouraged the arts and trade, did not meddle too much with the private affairs of its subjects, or raise the ratio of taxation above an accustomed level.

What were the factors which had so far produced so clear a differentiation and contributed to so comparatively rapid a rise ?

Local resources had little share in the result. The remote forests of the Baltic coast-lands and the barren plains of Brandenburg offered, it should seem, few opportunities for spectacular improvement. Born in strife, amid the clash of warring states, Prussia could boast no common history or tradition. Peopled by fragments torn from primitive tribes, some Finnish, some Slavonic, in origin, mingled with the offspring of Teuton immigrants, and of West European religious refugees, brought in to repair the wastage of war, Prussia seemed little likely to attain unaided a distinctive national individuality. The combined provinces, moreover, occupied the northernmost confines of the Holy Roman Empire. They lay beyond the pale of mediæval civilisation, and far from the great trade routes of Central Europe ; which, Roman in conception and original in execution, passed far to the south from the Rhine through the Alpine passes into Italy. Courageous and hardy, industrious and frugal—for toil and parsimony alone could wrest a competence from their unpropitious surroundings—the Prussians had been something of a blank page, open to receive their impress from the character of the ruling House.

The Hohenzollerns, on their part, though originally from Southern Germany, had quickly accommodated themselves to more austere conditions. They developed all the energy and force of character which finds in narrow means a stimulus, not a deterrent. Thrifty, industrious, methodical, they soon learnt to organise. Paradoxically, these early Hohenzollerns remind us of some canny Scotch laird of the eighteenth century, bent on raising his family.

Their subordinates were not the grand tenants of a dying feudalism, but something between the agents or factors of a great landed estate and the officials of a modern bureaucracy ; and their efficiency attracted to the Prussian service the best brains Germany could produce. A meticulous care extended itself to the lower branches

of such officialdom. Not themselves intellectual, the Hohenzollerns early recognised the practical advantages of diffused instruction, and were to become the pioneers of National Education.

Their military outlook partook of their general character. For them, long the 'Wardens of the Marches' and guardians of frontiers not very easily defensible, prudence prescribed the necessity of a regular 'standing army'; but their military capacities were rather those of the martinet and the quartermaster-general than of the dashing commander. Their ambition, originally pedestrian, grew with their fortunes; but other infusions were required, ere it expanded into the sheer lust of power for its own sake, which their pupil Hitler has carried to such monstrous excess. Still, the advent of so vigorous an intruder was to the community of German States (inertly ruled from Vienna and Frankfort) much like the appearance of Reynard the Fox in the precincts of a comfortable hen-roost.

And the Fox declared himself in the next occupant of the Prussian throne. Frederick the Second, great-grandson of the 'Great Elector' and destined to share that epithet of Great, inherited through his mother, a daughter of our George II, both Stuart and Bourbon blood. Was it this which introduced into the prosaic Prussian stock (whose administrative capacity Frederick so fully shared) the elements of genius and of daring, with a pugnacity for which so far it had not been conspicuous? It is upon him, so he tells us, that Herr Hitler has professed to form himself. Ambition, ruthlessness, and a complete absence of scruple are certainly common to both. Either has made a habit of waging war before declaring it; both have evinced animosity for the Jewish race, and have appeared to derive their greatest satisfaction from the sufferings of their helpless victims. And though the aims of Frederick shrink into insignificance when compared with the insatiable appetite of his pupil, the aggressions of Frederick were quite enough to startle the staid eighteenth century. The 'Rape of Silesia' and the partition of Poland seemed then enormous; it was left to Frederick's twentieth-century imitator to render them almost modest.

Frederick II left no issue; his collateral successors fell

below the family average in force and ability ; and their deficiencies were duly reflected in the fortunes of the State, which owed everything to the energy of their predecessors. Under them the virtues of the early Prussian system gradually disappeared. Its once famous army sank into the ruts of an obsolete routine ; its framework, already antiquated, alone remained. Its administrative efficiency, once equally renowned, became a thing of the past. Its finance became embarrassed ; stagnation and apathy increased ; public spirit could hardly be said to exist.

Such a State was utterly unable to cope with the genius of Napoleon or the enthusiastic levies of the French Revolutionary armies ; and the great Corsican, after crushing Austria at Austerlitz, in December 1805, and driving her behind her hereditary frontiers, with a merely 'Austrian' title, proceeded to smash Prussia at Auerstadt and Jena, and her ally Russia at Friedland. He then practically occupied 'Prussia,' and started to reorganise 'Germany' into two federations, both completely dependent on France.

Seven years later Europe rose against her tyrant. Among the most active in his defeat we find the Prussian armies. But the men—and, may we add, the woman—to whom Prussia owed her resurrection were not as a rule Prussians. Neither, in the main, did they come from the submissive south ; they came from the hardier north-western provinces of Germany, whose characteristics are too often overlooked. Queen Luise, though the idol of Prussia, was a daughter of Mecklenberg Strelitz. In the *Freiherr*—usually translated Baron—vom and zu Stein, we see the petty ruler of one of those minute North German States, responsible to the Emperor alone, which are comparable only to the minor principalities of the Central Indian States. Scharnhorst and Hardenberg, on the other hand, were both by birth Hanoverian. They thus belonged to a State which, though connected with Britain by a merely dynastic tie, included a population much akin to the Anglo-Saxon. All these men had been educated at Göttingen University, then the foremost in Germany. Founded some years earlier by our George II, it was the one in which English studies were most actively pursued. All three, though 'echt Deutsch' in outlook and sym-

pathies and drawn into the Prussian service by the tradition of Prussian efficiency, saw in English political and legal institutions the last word in a sober constitutionalism; one equi-distant from the excesses of French Jacobinism, from the reckless, theoretic experiments of the reforming Emperor Joseph, and from the depotism, rigid or lax, which reigned in the rest of Europe, Prussia included.

The victories of Napoleon had left Prussia, in Scharnhorst's own words, 'miserable beyond measure, too weak even to despair.' So desperate a situation authorised heroic remedies. Within three months Scharnhorst had received almost dictatorial powers on the military, Stein on the civil, side. Within fifteen months Scharnhorst had reformed and modernised the army, filled the arsenals, given talent a fresh opening in the military career, and humanised, while he tightened, the discipline of the forces. Stein meanwhile had rushed through those reforms, administrative and social, which the best brains in the civil service had long seen to be overdue. Serfdom was abolished, caste barriers were overthrown, the bureaucracy reformed, trade and industry released from mediæval fetters. The municipalities received self-government; and a basis was laid for future representative institutions both in the provinces and at the centre.

Nor were the reformers working for Prussia alone. Behind the exigencies of the moment there loomed for them the vision of a revived and reunited Germany, led by a regenerated Prussia.

It was not to be. The two great protagonists succeeded indeed in their primary object: they were enabled to face Napoleon in 1813 with the enthusiastic battalions, which in 1814 entered Paris in triumph.

It was Prussia's greatest hour; and offered, it may be, the fairest possible prospect of a Germany liberally reformed and voluntarily united, which has ever occurred. But the fates were adverse. Scharnhorst—sad omen!—had fallen on the field of battle, at the very beginning of the struggle for which he had so passionately prepared. Stein survived; but Prussian reactionism drove him into private life; and that free union of Germany under purified Prussian auspices, of which he had dreamed, never materialised. The next half century saw only a futile confederation of German States; and the abortive offer

of the Imperial Crown to a reactionary Prussian king. That 'Germanisation' of Prussia for which the Coburg prince, who became our Prince Consort, never ceased to hope, never took place. The ultra-Prussian Bismarck was indeed to unite Germany, but only by his own tactics of 'blood and iron,' and the compelled submission of 'Germany' to a victorious 'Prussia.' By force of arms she wrested Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark; defeated Austria at Sadowa, laid hands on the South German principalities, and forced a stubborn Hanover to her knees. Finally, in 1871, she tore Alsace-Lorraine from France; and at Versailles placed the Imperial Crown of a Second Germanic Reich on the (somewhat reluctant) brow of a typically old-Prussian King. The constitution of the New Empire meanwhile was carefully planned to ensure the practical supremacy of Prussia. 'Germany,' says Stern-Rubarth, 'has been pervaded by a Prussian spirit, dominated by Prussian officialism, Prussian law . . . the Prussian concept of aggressive nationalism'; also, we may add, by its rather mechanical efficiency, and by, above all, its *militarism*. 'Prussia,' so Mirabeau had said nearly a century before, 'is an army which has conquered a nation'; it was now able to control an empire.

On the other hand, despite the external glories and commercial prosperity of the regime, the 'Germanism' of a subjected Germany has never been really reconciled. The humbled princes of the subordinated States continued to resent the ascendancy of the 'upstart' Hohenzollern. It was even urged, probably with justice, by those who defended the unhappy Czarina from the charge of pro-German sympathies, that no daughter of Hesse could desire the aggrandisement of Berlin.

Nor was the Prussian ever really liked by his 'German' fellow-countrymen. The most interesting pages of Herr Stern-Rubarth's work illustrate this by instances too many to mention. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Saxony—the old Free Cities—most of all, Hanover, insisted strongly on their own remaining rights; and resented interference with their 'old established and highly civilised way of life.' Englishmen admitted into German intimacy have testified to a general hostility which, indeed, is acknowledged even by Prussians themselves.

Meanwhile, in the more influential circles of a

Prussianised society—circles intoxicated by success and unfamiliar riches—tendencies only too prophetic rapidly developed. Dreams of pan-Germanism, of an 'Aryan' hegemony of the world, of a Master Race, began to influence imaginations which were often Prussianised rather than Prussian. The strong wine of Prussianism seems indeed to madden the wits of more susceptible races ; witness the Gobineaus, the Houston Chamberlains, the Wagners, the Nietsches, the Treitschkes. The Prussian Army itself was saturated by the Napoleonic hero-worship of the accepted military schools—of Clausewitz, Bernhardi, etc. The inflammable fancy of a histrionic monarch caught the infection ; though his own dreams may have been rather of 'Silver Armour' and 'Rattling Swords' than of military realities. Thence, in the long run, the First World War and the crash of 1918.

The Weimar Republic, even to its own despire, carried in its bosom the seeds of a Prussianised revival. The fall of the local dynasties had increased the influence of the northern State ; and a Prussianised bureaucracy incorrupt, untiring, loyal, upheld the best part of the old Prussian tradition. Behind its screen a Prussianised General Staff laboured, as ceaselessly as silently, for a Prussianised military 'risorgimento.'

Into this 'camouflage' world there burst the 'dæmonic' apparition of the Austrian Hitler, his unbridled imagination stimulated by the racial rivalries of his own native province and by the 'Pan-Germanism' of a Prussian schoolmaster. For Herr Stern-Rubarth has justly emphasised the fact that National Socialism, so far as its nationalism goes, is but an exaggerated and debased form of Prussian Pan-Germanism.

Prussia had aimed at supremacy over Germany, perhaps of hegemony over Europe ; Hitler dreams of world domination. Prussia had diminished the powers of the minor German States ; Hitler has obliterated their boundaries. Prussia had exalted militarism ; under Hitler Europe becomes an armed German camp. Prussia had enforced discipline ; Hitler would enthrone tyranny. Prussia was impressing its own image on its German conationals ; Hitler sees Germany triumphant over a universe of serfs. Harshness, verging on brutality, had been a hall-mark of Prussianism ; the savagery inculcated

by Hitler more than verges on sadism. Dissimulation had marked the foreign policy of Bismarck; treachery becomes the keynote of Hitler's world relations. Prussia conceded, with reluctance, a form of constitution; Hitler abolishes all sanctions, constitutional or legal. Prussia would have curbed ecclesiastical pretensions; Hitler would eradicate them altogether.

This being so, it can hardly be wondered that among the non-Prussian refugees from Nazi persecution a movement has arisen which we may call 'Los von Berlin.' In the words of Herr Stern-Rubarth they wish to end 'the repression of fifty million people of a higher and older standard by twenty million others of a younger and decidedly less desirable culture and civilisation.' The proposals of the two writers differ, of course, in detail. Herr Haffner advocates that the Reich should voluntarily dissolve itself into eight separate States—Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, the Rhineland, Hanover (with the Free Cities and Grand Duchies), and Saxony (with Thuringia); all to be included in the framework of a European Customs and Railway Union. Herr Stern-Rubarth, on his part, seems also to suggest the formation of 'eight or more large German units'; but he would eliminate Prussia from the list altogether, and transfer her to one among his eight proposed European federations—the *Slavonic*. In this—and save the mark!—he would also include *Czechoslovakia and Poland*.

Which of the three parties would most resent this last suggestion it is difficult to conjecture; but the mere mooted of such a combination, under such a designation, shows that the details of these anticipatory schemes are of much less interest and value, than the general attitude they imply.

H. C. FOXCROFT.

Art. 6.—THE NATURE OF POETRY AND THE POET.

LONG ago a statesman made the simple discovery that study and understanding of history were the only instruction in the art of politics. It is as true that poetry in every time and nation is the same, and that only after study of great verse and the methods of great poets can the art of poetry be practised or understood.

More than two thousand years ago, Aristotle, or rather the poet whom he commissioned to write an explanation of verse-tragedy, announced that 'the greatest thing by far is to have a genius for metaphor. This alone cannot be had from another.' That is the profoundest truth ever uttered about poetry. Shelley said that the language of poets is vitally metaphorical, and that strong passion expresses itself in metaphor. Other poets could be quoted to the same effect.

Metaphor is an image; it arouses a picture in the mind. Nine-tenths of the great poetry in the world are metaphor; so nine-tenths of great verse were pictures in the mind of the poets and must become pictures in the mind of readers. If Hamlet's metaphors (and less frequent similes, which also are pictures in the mind) are taken away there is nothing of Hamlet left. He who as he reads does not obtain constant pictures in his mind has not read poetry, however much print he has looked at, or whatever lines he has got by heart.

Aristotle, however, made his declaration only as an item in the discussion of poetic diction, and his main propositions were that all art is imitation and that verse-tragedy is the imitation of an action. I suppose that no one now supports this view, for the arts are creative. The notion that a poet imitates mankind when he portrays a character or Nature when he writes descriptive verse is unsound. Lear is a new representation but not an imitation of a man; he is as real to us as people we know. A great dramatist's characters are not imitations of men and women, but in their way, from simplicity to sublimity, must be the type and quintessence. If sublime description of Nature were imitation a prose description would be superior to a poetic one, because it could be done more fully, more imitatively, and without shackling the imitation with artificial metre and rhyme. In poetical descrip-

tion imitation is of no use ; far from imitating Nature the poet requires to attribute to Nature what was never seen or found in her :

Make me thy *lyre*, even as *the forest is*.

Deep in the shady *sadness* of a vale
Far *sunken* from the healthy *breath* of morn.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with *sovereign eye*.

These lines exist by their metaphors, and the value of such descriptions is due to the fact that Nature is not imitated. The poet describes Nature not as it is in itself, the business of the scientist, but in its relation to mankind. He does this by metaphor, creating pictures by the association of ideas that were never associated before. As Wordsworth said, re-establishing a law announced first by Aristotle, he imparts 'the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude.'

Poetry is a series of images. Even dramatic characters are each one a series of images. In spite of Aristotle, dramatic characters exist not by action, by what they do, but by what they say ; all fine characters in poetic drama speak in images, and out of these images the character is created. Images in words are pictures in the mind, just as the framed picture I look at is a picture in my mind, or rather as much of a picture as I am fit to perceive. The image, the picture, may be a whole poem or drama, but every character and every line is a subsidiary picture. The image may be a description of sleep, such as is found in the second part of 'Henry IV,' where nearly every line is a separate image, or it may be a description of the cloud by Shelley, with continuous images. It may be the angelic picture created by Shirley in his sublime song, in which again image follows image. It may reside in one metaphor or simile, as it does thousands of times in Shakespeare.

To complete the picture in the mind there are characteristics of poetry besides metaphor and simile, and these may be described briefly by a definition. No one has yet succeeded in giving a definition of this art, and

I can say of mine only that I have tested it for years against whole poems, passages of verse, poetic drama, and the characters of dramatic or narrative verse, and have found nothing to add or to take away.

Poetry is a song in words, that is to say language in skilful metrical setting. It must be beautifully harmonious and must charm. It must not soothe but excite. It must be charged with ideas and spiritual energy. It must continually arouse in the mind pictures without flaw. The degree of achievement in these essentials is the measure of greatness in verse. When it attains unforgettable harmony, when its ideas are most noble and spiritual, when the images are most startling and when the picture aroused in the mind is not only perfect but vast or profound, the verse is sublime.

Minor poetry attains some of these essentials but not all. Humorous verse for example may be harmonious, charming, and even exciting, but it can be little more.

The two greatest powers required for the production of verse are native passion and the power of creating form. Millions have imagination, but few besides artists have mental passion, a fever of conception or composition, a divine fury as the ancients recognised it to be, though all men of supreme genius seem to have had it. Without passion no great art was created. The biographies of the enduring artists show that they set about their work like demons, and that to disturb them was dangerous, to themselves at least. Passion is the spirit of all art. Physical creation and artistic creation are alike in this and could not be otherwise.

In all the arts the artist's work evolves from three conditions of excitement, progressively diminishing but always interfused; these conditions produce the idea, the image, and the expression.

The idea, which in its full scope embraces the other two, and which is the spirit of artistry, is of endless variety and variable importance, from the choice of a subject or the characters of a play to the single image or the form of metre. It is an idea only if it is significant in the greatness of artistry.

The image, whether in music, painting, sculpture, architecture or poetry is the body of the conception and

is an idea wrought out with great care. The sublime image is of equal value in every poet. It is always obtained in excitement and never otherwise. In all these arts images are continuous, and this applies even to sculpture, which is far more than one form. Architecture is more often a series of images than a unity, and where it is a unity it has seldom been of the first rank since the builders in the Norman style died. If it is a unity the artist has laboured to give it unity and beauty, with many revisions and corrections. A picture, even a portrait, is not one conception but many, besides those blotted out. Poetry is continuous images. So rapidly do Shakespeare's images follow one another that he has been charged with mixing his metaphors.

Expression is the final detailed work of the artist, the communication that spirit and body make to mankind. The whole art of the creative artist is to produce forms which in their expression shall reveal no trace of the labour he has bestowed on them. The beauty of the day, the effortless flight of birds, and all that delights us in Nature we owe to great primeval convulsions and long-sustained experiments, with many failures and discardings; even such in its degree is the perfect building or poem.

So much for passion, an indispensable power, but many may be mentally excited and cannot produce art. It is he who with passion has the power of creating Form that is the artist. Form is the supreme test, the one challenge, the most enduring quality.

Form is the image, and exists in everything that presents a picture. I have yet to analyse music, though certainly it is the form of sweet sound, but sculpture is at the other extremity, the picture in all its dimensions. In architecture the image exists in the proportions of the column or arch as definitely as in the conception of elevation or plan. In painting form is as essential, though this means neither hard outline nor ideal formation. Colour is imaginative form, as metre is, and as nearly all other details of authentic artistry are. There is form in every mark of the brush, and in every concealment of such a mark, as well as in the picture as a whole. In the drama and novel form is chiefly character, though poetic drama may be much more.

When form makes the greatest claims it is not form at all. Even in the briefest details poetry is sublime form, sublime pictures :

Death lays his icy hand on kings.

And at our heels a fresh perfection treads.

Such forms, all metaphor, are sublime, but the form of drama in all ages has been a pretence of form, a literary device. In Shakespeare's verse there are a thousand metaphors the form of which has astonished and humiliated me, but I have yet to find in the dramatic literature of the ages one plot that I could respect. In the best of plots I have found matter that was not only inept but absurd ; form was not there and could not be there. One line of poetry may contain sublimity, but no plot was ever more than an artifice. The drama and novel exist on the misunderstanding. It is called the plot, but it is always a misunderstanding, and on some misunderstanding an artificial problem and an unreal solution have been worked out time and again, generation after generation.

Though verse or prose or characters can be sublime a story cannot be. There is not one sublime story in the world, however great some stories may be considered. If a story is sublime or in any degree great it is because an artist has infused life into the forms, the characters, or the figures they express. 'Don Quixote' has no plot but has outlasted thousands of novels because the forms, the characters of Quixote and Panza are sublime. Novels which exist by reason of a stirring or intricate plot die ; the form of them perishes. Only those which within the story provide lifelike forms endure.

Wordsworth in his magnificent Preface of 1815 did not deal with passion or form, but gave as the powers requisite for the production of verse : (1) observation and description, (2) sensibility, (3) reflection, (4) imagination and fancy, (5) invention, and (6) judgment.

Of these the highest power is imagination, to which he added fancy. Fancy is either imagination or is worthless. As an illustration of what he meant by fancy Wordsworth, in the midst of his own world-shaking thoughts, gave forty-two and a half lines by one Cotton. The gist of the verses is that the quaffing of bumpers by the hilarious will

benefit and relieve those others throughout the world who are in trouble. It would be impossible to delude me with such sentiment, and I have often wondered why Wordsworth was deceived.

The creative imagination exercises itself passionately in the production of form, in architecture, sculpture, music, painting, or poetry. Imagination exists chiefly in definite images, pictures, which are forms. Characters, those images or forms, are produced by the imagination. Metaphor and simile, those passionate pictures or forms, are the profoundest operations of imagination in words.

By sensibility Wordsworth meant impressionability, as his explanations show. The artist more than any other man is subject to impressions, and to him everything is a picture. His mind works by creating but far more by recalling pictures, and if I may judge others by myself the artist is particularly subject to pictures when he is trying to sleep. As soon as I close my eyes before sleeping I am in some definite place with everything in view and everybody concerned there, and people say what they said before. Not with all the strength of my will can I banish the scenes that present themselves to my mind when I close my eyes. This no doubt is one reason why people read themselves to sleep.

Reflection as one of the powers requisite for the production of verse requires explanation. It is certain that Wordsworth meant not the reflective but the brooding mind. In all ages it is not the artistic mind that reflects most; it is the casuistical, and the casuist is the antithesis of the artist, who is not reflective but the very opposite, impulsive. His thoughts and conclusions are not the result of ratiocination but are illuminations, pictures, obtained in excitement. The brooding mind is not even in a reflective state when it is busy, but in a state of excitement, whereas reflection is calm if not cold. It would, indeed, be unfair to attribute specially to a few poets so general a capacity of the whole race.

'Observation and description' Wordsworth explained as 'the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion.' He changed his mind on this subject, as I could explain by quotation. Description of

Nature (or of man) is great verse only if it is sublime pictures, like

the lightning

That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold !'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

In these lines there are at least three metaphors, three pictures, created by passionate imagination. This kind of description is the true verse and a description of things observed with accuracy and faithfully recorded is not true verse. I suppose that in the poems of Spenser, Thomson, Cowper, Scott, Southey, and others who are considerable poets there are thousands of lines good as faithful description. How few are great verse, or even memorable !

Of judgment and invention it is not necessary to say much though they are to be emphasised. Certainly these powers are requisite for the production of verse, but they are as needful for the production of much else. It would be more significant to say that in the art of poetry the maker requires a delicate mind, must have a special interest in the structure of language and the harmony of words, must be able to associate things dissimilar, must be able to perceive truth behind convention, must have the capacity of creating beauty in extreme simplicity as well as in subtlety, and must understand character.

These then are the powers required for making authentic verse. To complete the exposition it is necessary to add an explanation of the poet's method of working and of his relation to mankind.

There never was a worse misquotation than the frequent citation of Wordsworth's statement that poetry 'takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity' as an explanation of the poet's method. In effect Wordsworth never said anything of the kind. He immediately added that 'the tranquillity gradually disappears' and that composition begins after it has disappeared. 'The end of poetry,' he declared, 'is to produce excitement.' In the very Preface to the second edition of 'Lyrical Ballads' which contains the reference to tranquillity I have counted thirty-one distinct references to excitement or passion as the mood in which verse is composed. It is a measure of the misunderstanding of Wordsworth's position as a critic that he is so misinterpreted.

His pronouncements about the poet's methods are well illustrated in two statements by Cicero :

'No man can be a good poet without ardour of imagination and the excitement of something akin to frenzy.'

'There is need, for composing a poem, of a certain cheerfulness of spirit which the times altogether take away from me.'

Horace continually dealt with the details of poetic composition, and a well-wrought essay containing all his precepts on the subject would be sound instruction. He emphasised the necessity of labour, revision, and correction.

Ben Jonson, in a volume which he explicitly called 'Discoveries,' appropriated word by word a good deal of matter from Quintilian :

'For a man to write well there are required three necessities ; to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. . . . Take care in placing and ranking both matter and words . . . and to do this with diligence and often. . . . Repeat often what we have formerly written, which besides that it helps the consequence and makes the juncture better it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting-down, and gives it new strength. . . . Yet if we have a fair gale of wind I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not.

'Rules are ever of less force and value than experiments.'

Much can be learnt from this passage and others in Quintilian. Each of these sentences should be memorised by young poets and each precept should be followed.

I was astonished to find in Jonson my own painfully-acquired illumination : 'The conceits of the mind are pictures of things, and the tongue is the interpreter of these pictures.' The reference to the tongue seems to indicate that this also was taken from Quintilian, the orator.

Who would imagine that 'Hudibras,' that clever jingle, was written with great labour ? Sometimes, says Butler,

enraged for time and pains misspent,

I give it over, tired and discontent. . . .

But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit

Is fearful to pass one that is unfit. . . .

And therefore when I scribble twenty times

When I have written four I blot two rhymes.

Is it credible that if Butler had to take so much pains Shakespeare could produce his magnificent verse and sublime characters rapidly, as Heminge and Condell the ignorant players averred ?

I must pass over the evidence I have accumulated from the records of other great poets, showing that they exhausted themselves in the intense excitement and labour which produced their verse. I come to Shelley whose 'Defence of Poetry' is in magnificent style, and contains profound truths. There are, however, some statements in it which are misleading. He declared that Plato and Francis Bacon were poets, and that Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton were philosophers. Such confusions are not reasoning, and will never enable one soul to understand the nature of poets and poetry. It is not by a sentimental process of calling poets all who had fine or useful thoughts that understanding of the art is obtained. It is by the opposite method, by studying the verse, practice, and opinions of the poets whose metrical work contains the sublime, and whom no change of time or decay of language will ever overthrow. Their work must contain less inauthentic matter than that of other poets ; their methods must be fundamental and their opinions must be better than those of any others ; their nature is not that of other men except in so far as all men possess the same nature. Poetry is an art, and those who wrote in prose practised not that art but another.

Shelley told Trelawny that his brain boiled when he was composing verse. He spoke of 'Hellas' as composed in one of the fits of enthusiasm that made him pay dearly for their visits. That he spent much time and great labour on his poems is proved even more by their sweetness and sublimity than by the fact that he left behind him many verses uncompleted in line, rhyme, and stanza, with a hiatus here and there.

In 1817 Keats wrote :

'I went day by day at my poem for a month ; at the end of which time, the other day, I found my brain so overwrought that I . . . was obliged to give up for a few days.'

Shelley, Wordsworth, Burns, and other poets had the same experience, and Shakespeare must have had it. Passion and imagination cannot be sustained over a period

without producing disastrous results. Painters apparently can work all day for a long time, but the poet who can spend even a great part of each day in composition never existed.

In 1819 Keats wrote to Reynolds :

'The shock of extreme thought and sensation. . . . I feel my body too weak to support me to this height. I am obliged continually to check myself and be nothing. . . . If you should have any reason to regret this state of excitement in me I will turn the tide of your feelings in the right channel by mentioning that *it is the only state for the best sort of poetry.*'

These examples, if carefully considered, are sufficient to show how the poet works in composing verse.

In a discussion of the poet's relation to his own generation we come inevitably to Arnold's views, which though now less quoted than formerly rule criticism of poetry as though they were laws. He did not originate those views, but he philosophised about poetry, and though he satisfied critics he perplexed readers, because to philosophise about poetry is as absurd as to philosophise about castles and cathedrals, those other works of art.

In a number of essays Arnold related the poet to his age, gave the age credit for the work of the poet, and announced that the poet was the interpreter of his age. All such explanations require contradiction, for they are not true.

In pursuit of the attempt to relate the poet's work to his age he laid down two principal canons, that poetry is a criticism of life, and that poets are great in the proportion they possess of high seriousness. This is not criticism nor explanation of an art. He tried to explain the difference between the work of Dante and that of Chaucer, and found it in the high seriousness which Chaucer's criticism of life lacked and which Dante's possessed. The true and essential difference between these two poets is that Dante was capable of some sublime images and Chaucer was not, and that Chaucer was capable of much lifelike characterisation and Dante was not. The difference is in their power over forms or pictures.

Arnold condemned Pope and Dryden as poets, but what English poets criticised life quite so much as Pope and Dryden did? What are the fantasies of 'A Mid-

summer Night's Dream' to the criticism of life in their volumes? Arnold never explained what he meant by 'criticism of life' as the function or significance of poetry, and it is clear from the quotations he gave as illustrating this 'criticism of life,' for example,

Absent thee from felicity awhile

that he could not support his thesis with reasons. That line endures not because it is criticism of life, for it is not, but by its magnificent metaphor, its music, its rare expression, its pathos, and its place in a masterpiece of art.

Arnold's reason for depreciating the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley as he did in 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time' was specifically that 'the English poetry of the first quarter of this century . . . did not know enough' and he explained this as follows:

'In the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, in the England of Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive. And this state of things is the true basis for the creative power's exercise, in this it finds its data, its materials, truly ready for its hand.'

No doubt he considered the Renaissance a strong proof of this charge, but it was not any ideas furnished by the Renaissance that were useful to artists; it was the examples of art that the Renaissance supplied to them. This is so plain that it needs no further emphasis. In the Elizabethan age it was not Marlowe's ideas that gave Shakespeare power. The influence of Marlowe on Shakespeare was the revelation of what could be done with drama, the creation of vivid characters, the production of sublime verse, surprise, pathos, and excitement. Marlowe himself was influenced and developed not by the ideas of his age but by great examples of poetry and plays that he had read. That we all learn from our contemporaries is beside the point. Shakespeare derived infinitely more of his power from the observation of countrymen, hunters, young lovers, Nature herself, and especially from books and plays than from all the ideas current in his time.

It is a mistake to suppose that for the understanding of

Shakespeare's plays a reader requires to know the literature of Shakespeare's age or of preceding generations. He who can re-create in his own mind the pictures that Shakespeare drew for him understands Shakespeare's work perfectly, and though no reader has ever seen the poet's vision just as the poet saw it every reader may find in the perfect words visions of his own.

Yet in some manner or other every writer echoes Arnold, agrees that the poet interprets the spirit of his age, that the age creates the poet's work, and that we must look to the age for an explanation of the poet and his verse. Some can even thrill themselves by finding a connection between Shakespeare's sublime poetry and the defeat of the Armada, and I only wish they would make clear what the connection is.

A minor poet like Arnold may attribute great art to the animating ideas of the age, but a great poet like Blake or Coleridge and a great painter like Whistler do not agree with him. Coleridge, a much greater critic than Arnold, declared that every true poet has to create the taste by which he is to be appreciated, and Wordsworth endorsed this opinion. Every great poet in his life, opinions, and poetry is in conflict with the ideas of his age. No great poet was ever properly appreciated by the men of his own generation. The poets who were popular in their time are the true interpreters of that time.

What were those animating ideas that according to Arnold were Shakespeare's data and materials? Who were the transmitters of them? Is it not clear that Shakespeare owed far more to the forgotten genius who invented blank verse than to all other persons living or dead?

The sublime truth is not that the poet owes anything to his age but that mankind at length find themselves in the poet. It is not even his own generation that finds itself in him. It is succeeding generations who find in the poet the delight that artistry gives, and that delight is not a reflection of ideas belonging to his age but a reflection of the individual poet's mind and spirit. In so far as a poet reflects ideas current in his age he is defective in spirit, and his work is not worthy to endure, though the worthy part, the universal and sublime, may sustain in life the unworthy part, to the confusion of criticism.

Wordsworth's sonnet on Sir Walter Scott's departure from Abbotsford, an outburst of pity, imagination, and praise, is far more valuable than the hundred and thirty-two ecclesiastical sonnets which represent the spirit of the age.

The simple explanation is that poetry is beautiful images, forms, or pictures created by the poet in his own mind and embodied in his own harmonious verse. When that lesson is learnt poetry will be judged as it should be by the tests of music, form, and sublimity. Every poem or poetic drama, every character, every passage and line of good verse in every poet ancient and modern is explained fully and simply by my definition of poetry, by the powers I have detailed, and by the methods I have described. Still more, this exposition explains the other arts and establishes their connection with the art of poetry. All the five great arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, exist to present beautiful pictures or forms in speech, colour, stone, and sound. The task I have performed in demonstrating this has never been done before in any age or country, but in time it will be possible to compile a whole volume showing that the great poets of all ages have shared the views I express. Two thousand four hundred years ago Simonides declared that poetry was vocal painting and painting was silent poetry. Both are the picture.

ARCHIBALD STALKER.

Art. 7.—BRITAIN AT WAR.

WHETHER this be a general impression or whether it be due to something personal it is difficult to say, but for my own part I have found it harder to keep mentally on an even keel about the war during the three months that have intervened since I wrote last than during any previous three months since September 1939. My belief that this has been general is at any rate fortified both by our Press and by many of the utterances of our public men, the Prime Minister excepted. From public men it would perhaps be unreasonable to expect a high degree of consistency, at least any one who did so expect would certainly be doomed to continual disappointment, and the Press are perhaps subject to similar temptations. However that be, both have excelled themselves throughout the autumn, at one time jubilant, at another plunged into gloom: that has been so from the beginning of the war—over and over again it has been a case of ‘when father turns, we all turn’—but in no preceding period have the oscillations been so extreme. Perhaps the furthest sweep into gloom of the journalistic pendulum was the leading article in a well-known Sunday paper on Oct. 12, saying, ‘For us there is no retreat, not an inch to spare; it is the edge of the abyss.’ Singular words to follow, in less than a fortnight’s space, the quiet confidence of the Prime Minister’s sentence, ‘We have climbed from the pit of peril on to a fairly broad plateau.’ It is uncharacteristic of the British to swing or be swung about so; it is no doubt some indication of the exceptional strain through which we have passed.

We have been through worse, much worse, times than these immediately preceding three months—I wrote last in mid-August and it is now mid-November—of that there can be ‘no possible doubt whatever.’ The three months, May, June, and July 1940, were, I suppose, unquestionably the most perilous in all our history; we faced those, we endured those in a much less swayed condition, at any rate so it seems now. Then we were one and all grimly resolved to fight on, if need be alone, and win through to the only end we have ever in this island contemplated, the complete destruction of Hitlerism: how exactly that was to be accomplished we knew no

more than when—but that had no effect at all upon our resolution. Now, when so much has undergone so great a change and all, or almost all, in our favour, though our resolution is unchanged, our spirits seem different. It would take more even than a Hitler to make an Englishman mercurial, but since the opening of the vast battle-front in the East, in Poland and the western parts of Russia, we have been, to an altogether unusual degree, on edge, inclined to snap quite angrily over matters which were at no time of real national importance and now, a few weeks or a month or two afterwards, are already almost forgotten, except by those directly and personally concerned, and we have been critical even of our most trusted leaders.

It would be easy for a foreign observer to misread this phase of the British mind ; foreigners, as we know, have constantly in history misread us, often greatly to our advantage, and they will assuredly long continue to do so. 'The Englishman,' wrote the American journalist, Price Collier, twenty years or more ago, 'is an acquired taste,' and it is not every one who acquires, or wishes to acquire, him. It may well be expected, at all events, that observers on the Continent, who have made a practice all this century of misunderstanding and underrating the British, will be making a similar mistake to-day. This mentality, which has been upon us like a sky on a cloudy wind-swept day—sun and shadow inextricably interchanging over the landscape—does not mean either any weakening of our war-effort or any doubts as to the future victory—very far from either. It means, as far as I am able to read it, and for this one must look in upon one's own mind, a restlessness due to self-questioning. In 1940, in those very dark hours before the Battle of Britain began in the air above us, we all knew, every one in the island, that we 'were up against it,' alone. There was no place for questioning ; we were quite obviously fighting with our backs to the wall. Now, ever since June 22, we have seen gigantic fighting in which, on land, we have seemed to have had no part. In the air we have been magnificently on the offensive, the vast war at sea goes on silently, splendidly, gloriously—but not, except for rare moments, spectacularly ; and war still in the minds of men means, in the main, armies. Certainly it does

still in the minds of the nation which has devoted by far the greater part of its intelligence to war, Germany, and in a lesser degree in the minds of us who were, and remain, an essentially unwarlike people.

Since June 22 (I repeat I write in mid-November, and I feel convinced that at any moment, and probably several weeks before this article is published, our war on land will break out in Libya and perhaps also with the Russians in the Caucasus) we have watched gigantic battles in which our troops were not engaged. That has meant a continual straining after news, a constant feeling of unrest unfamiliar to actual participants. Last year no one asked, 'What are we doing? Why don't we do more?' We all knew we were, every one of us, doing all we could. This year, since June 22, those questions have been an unceasing refrain, taken up by all and sundry; journalists of all descriptions, skilled or merely cacophonous, have cried aloud demanding this, that, or the other action; ludicrous suggestions have been seriously put forward, and sometimes they have drawn forth ludicrous answers. We have had shop-steward strategists and Ministerial apologists, both of which must have made Hitler laugh, if such a man could be thought to have, even sardonically, the precious boon of laughter in his power; and we have even had Mr H. G. Wells once more fulfilling his rôle of universal adviser, this time upon an exclusively military problem, as to which indeed he has shown himself without recent information in the possession of many. Up to a point, much of this is to the good; it is undeniably a proof of the sincerity of our alliance with the Soviet Union. Whatever doubts anybody might have had about such an alliance—and it would have been uncanny after the history of the past twenty-five years if there had been none—have been shrivelled by the facts. By both aspects of the facts, by which I mean, first, the astonishing degrees of self-sacrifice, valour, devotion, and skill of the Russian resistance, and secondly, the revelation of the stupendous power of the German military machine.

As regards the first, did any one—I add, as in October, 'except, possibly, M. Stalin'—expect for a moment the Russian resistance to be as it has been? It is (and writing now I can only take it to mid-November) one of the really

great military feats of history—back, back, back, invaded, struck at, pierced, panzerised, mile after mile, village after village, even town after town, the Russian armies have been pushed, and still they continue to be armies, still they are resisting, still they are counter-attacking. No wonder Hitler and his advisers thought that they and the Russia for which they were dying must disintegrate. A thrill of admiration for their heroism and their constancy has burnt up like a wind of fire all the old doubts as to this new nation, this mighty Soviet Union, which has been able to evoke such sons and daughters, imperishable, unconquerable. That is a great fact which will have tremendous repercussions upon the future of the world's history, not only in the winning of the war, but durably in the winning of the peace. We are only, even now, at the beginning of the realisation of all that this may, and should, mean—whatever the next few weeks may bring—and at the moment of writing it seems as though there was now less chance than a month ago of Moscow falling, more chance that the Germans will be almost immediately faced with one of two dire alternatives, stay where they are—if they can—and face the full rigours of the Russian winter unsheltered on the open steppes, that 'scorched earth' which has no heat, but rather bitter cold and biting blizzard,* or retreat with all the perils of disillusionment and lost prestige—and 'face' to a modern dictator is at least as much as it is to a Japanese—with no vital objectives possessed and vast, even almost fantastic, figures of losses to conceal or explain away.

The second aspect of the facts of these most tremendous weeks, during every day, and almost every hour, of which we have all watched the titanic struggle with anxiety as keen as interest, and infinite pity for the hundreds of thousands of innocent civilians, aged and immature, caught up in this ghastly net of uncontrolled ambition, is the might of the German military machine. To what could not such a nation have aspired if her genius for organisation had not taken service under the devil? It

* It is not often that a leading article in a daily paper has a passage of poetic power. The following is, I feel, worthy to be recorded: 'Do you hear the echoes through the ages? Frozen Frenchmen are calling to freezing Germans, "Come, brothers, and join us in peace beneath the Russian snows." The voices of 129 years ago.' ('Daily Sketch,' Nov. 17, 1941.)

is one of the major tragedies of mankind that people so gifted as to be able to stage and sustain for so many weeks so terrible an onslaught should have devoted themselves wholly to the science of destruction. But for the rest of the world the exhibition has given every one ground for the most acute self-searching. How different, how very, very different might not the picture now have been! At the risk of being sanctimonious may we not say that indubitably it seems as though some special Providence has watched over this little island? It might have been—and if those words are, as Whittier sang, among the saddest, they may also be among the most hopeful—that all this volume of terror had been flung against that heart of the free peoples of the world that we call England; it might even, in some circumstances, have been that Germany and Russia, united, had pitted their power against us and hand in hand marched equally against the British Isles and the British Empire. At the beginning of June much was unknown, at least to the layman; and yet with all those infinite possibilities of devastation and woe the layman—and his leaders—stood quietly firm and surely confident. Blindness or heroism? Who can say, and what now does that question matter? We, of the British Commonwealth of Nations, would have gone on, yea, even to the very bottom of the pit, alone and undismayed, if need be—let us thank ‘the soul of all things’ that to-day (Nov. 14) the picture is painted in very different, in much, much brighter colours. Russia, unconquered—and, we dare now say, unconquerable—our firm, fully accepted, utterly heroic ally; the United States of America, not perhaps, strictly speaking, our ally, but at any rate our brother-in-arms, the Neutrality Act, to all intents and purposes, repealed, and the two Navies at least engaged together in the joint task of guaranteeing the life-blood of freedom. Does any one now, Hitler or the most determined of pessimists, doubt the absolute inevitability of our victory?

None of this indulges, or at any rate is intended for one instant to indulge, in what in the popular jargon of the day is termed ‘wishful thinking’ (which is, in two words, what in earlier and less stressful times we more simply termed ‘hope’). There can be no moment of slackening, and to judge by the external pressure now applied to us,

there is none. It is either a paradox, or a consequence, that in proportion as our rational expectation of our ability utterly to destroy the Nazis and all they stand for grows, so do the restrictions upon our daily life and customs. One by one, either as we, and the free world in general, get geared up more and more completely or as the commodities of peace-time production grow scarce, the luxuries disappear. No one complains or at least, if they do at all, they do it with humour—as long as there is justice in the sharing out of what there is and necessity in the disappearance of what there is no longer, every one is dourly content. We may have, as a modern historian has contended, 'a happy inability to apprehend general ideas that has often stood between the people of England and their disturbing impact'—and never more successfully than, say, in June 1940—but we have at all events now apprehended two vital truths: first, that we are engaged in a conflict of such a character that we can only emerge from it successfully if we decline to indulge in our usual practice of relaxing at the very first chance, and as we are one and all resolved on that successful emergence we are not relaxing, Russia or no Russia, United States or disunited States; and, secondly, that if we are to avoid a war lasting for years we must plan and prepare as though a war of years were a certainty.

There are some who, whilst in no doubt as to the ultimate issue, feel that that is a certainty. I have just come from a gathering of ten, all men directly engaged in high capacities in armament production, and all—except myself—were inclined to prophesy that way; I found, and find, one objection which seems unanswerable. It was supplied, pat, immediately upon our discussion, by no less an authority than von Papen: 'unless,' he declared with gloomy violence at Ankara (Nov. 14) 'the peoples of Europe cooperate with the "New Order" they will be starved into submission and rebellion will be ruthlessly stamped out,' and he admitted that the process had already begun. These Nazis! Almost they make one despair of the human race. Once we pilloried the Bourbons as those who never remembered and never forgot; from henceforth let the Nazis stand in that set of stocks as the most conspicuous example of fatuity known. They have forgotten none of the brutality of

their fathers, have even improved upon it in their ruthless endeavour to set the clock of civilisation back 2,000 years or more, and they have remembered nothing of the hatred that engendered. In 1914 I wrote one line of verse that had at least the merit of truth, 'You cannot murder the immortal things'; no, but you can try, and try again if you have neither memory nor mercy. The bearing of this upon any prophecy as to the length of the war is, I hope, obvious. Had the German conquerors really and genuinely tried to institute a New Order, had they treated the nations they have overrun with consideration and brought justice in their wake, it is possible that they might have gained resigned, or even conciliated, multitudes under their overlordship, but to stamp upon the conquered with bloodstained boots, exploit and enslave, rob, murder, and worse—and then to speak of 'order'—that is dementia; and there never was, and never will be, any domination on earth founded on terrorism and hatred with any permanence in it. It is become impossible for Hitler, however he may wish it, to cry 'halt' and sit down to consolidate his conquests: they are built upon quicksands and there is death for him and his if he stands still; equally there is for a dictator of such a type no retreat, and, now, there is nothing in advance but the certainty of exhaustion, in fact already von Papen has mentioned that dread word. It is specially interesting, in these days, to glance through the pages of 'Mein Kampf' (no one can really read through such turgid repetitions) and see how greatly its author has been gradually driven to go against his own deepest convictions. It is difficult to imagine that Hitler can now be other than a bitterly self-tortured man.

But we are not concerned with that: our only concern is victory. The Nazis are, I will not write 'past praying for' as we may hope no one is that, but incorrigible. One moment ago, in a pause of writing, I listened-in, and by accident into the room came one of those silkily odious voices from Germany crying the old 'wolf' against Bolshevism, warning us—for our good, of course—that our Churches were in danger from that and even uttering the words (I took them down as spoken) 'Christianity has betrayed its master'—this from a German! Indeed, they might, if one gleam or desire for sanity returned to that terrible nation, beg 'O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us!'

Let us shut off such trifling opacity and return home and search for the beams in our own eyes. We have had some sillinesses, if not worse, this autumn ; some things that engaged national attention and are already forgotten, among which might be classed the Glen Affric scheme and the debate on eleven layman of the Oxford Group. As far as could be judged, the nation as a whole resented both, they seemed so incongruous in such days. For my own part, in common no doubt with all who sit in either House of Parliament, I received an epistle, signed by four Battersea clergymen, telling me that for eight months clergy in their neighbourhood had met every evening 'to be instructed in the principles of evangelism' by these lay workers ; and previously I had always innocently supposed that clergymen received such instruction, and from the instructed, before ordination. My inquiry, in reply, however, has remained unanswered.

The attention directed in the daily Press during the opening of the attack on Moscow to the failure of the negotiations for the interchange of what was termed 'the Mercy Ship' is more understandable : the first was only one more of the vast onslaughts shaking the world, the second was 'a human story,' agonising at any rate to all relatives and friends of the injured and sick concerned. And yet as one of Luk-oie's best stories has it, 'proportion, gentlemen, proportion.'

Humour, it is always said, is in reality a sense of proportion—of humour there has not been a conspicuous amount. My two printed favourites in this period under review are first the sailorman's reply when asked if he had been torpedoed—'not yet, mum, but we lives in 'opes' ; second, 'Punch's' 'whatever else happens nobody can say that the Italians didn't do their very utmost to keep out of this war once they were in it' ; and my two private contributions, first the dry comment of an octogenarian on reading one of President Roosevelt's pronouncements as to the keeping free of the Atlantic sea-lanes—'Well, I'm not going to Iceland' ; and secondly, a brief conversation entered into in a train : an elderly lady, apropos of nothing, announced suddenly of herself and her husband, 'we are looking for a safe area' ; a fellow-traveller jocularly suggested the South Seas : 'oh, South-sea ?' replied the lady, puzzled : 'I didn't know that

that was particularly safe'—in which ignorance she is scarcely alone.

But few are now alone at any time ; one of the most grievous of the indirect burdens of this war is the crowding, always and everywhere, unavoidably—and travelling for all but the vigorous is a trying pursuit—though far less so here than anywhere in Europe. And, as one goes about, one of the dominating changes is notable—the increase of women in uniform. Domestically, by far the most important aspect this autumn of the war is the activity of Mr Bevin over women labour of all descriptions ; as difficult a job, especially in free little old England, as has ever confronted any Minister. No wonder the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Food (the two that most closely touch the home) have come under fire. I think the general consensus of opinion is that both have deserved well of their compatriots, in all the circumstances, with one reservation, will not the Ministry of Food count heads and not 'households' or 'families'? How many go to a 'household,' and what is a 'family'? What are individual ration books for if not to make for numerical exactitude and equality?

The War Office too has come under fire, and has been hard put to it to 'repel boarders,' in fact, to be candid, more than one breach of its defences has been obvious. Why, in the name of common-sense, twice curtly refuse to publish Lord Gort's despatches and then, on a third assault, meekly surrender? And what a story! It is not strange that the War Office was averse to publicity. 'The Times' very kindly declared in a leading article, 'the whole story is one in which we are justified in taking pride'; my dear Thunderer, 'the *whole* story'? The commendation put me in mind of the sentence that my friend, the late Sir Henry Hadow, used to say was the best illustration of the worst use of language he knew, an American boy's reply, 'Of course my mother isn't a lady, but she's as white as hell.' The story of the 'astonishing infantry,' of all the regimental officers and men does, and always will, fill British hearts with pride, a marvellously gallant and successful retreat, but—such a big 'but,' when one comes to read of the complete lack of all plan, all preparation—and can it be so readily forgotten that in early 1940 we were continually told that the British Expeditionary

Force, revealed in these despatches as lamentably short of all manner of material vital to modern mechanised war, was 'the best equipped force that ever left these shores,' etc. ? All those responsible for the higher direction, strategy, and stores may well and for ever more hold their peace.

But there is another assault on the War Office, and that still continues, though in part it falls unfairly on that one Ministry and is the weighty responsibility of the Government as a whole ; this is in relation to the always vexed question of pay. In an army formed from the whole nation to meet this war's emergency, some hardships and anomalies are inevitable ; but need they be so many and so grievous ? A few weeks ago, I learnt of numerous cases where the wives and families of men, who in peace had good salaries and consequent commitments and are now receiving the pay of junior subalterns or less, were in really tragic straits—in one the wife, five children and a new-born baby of a second lieutenant were practically starving ; he had been seven weeks ill in hospital and had received no pay during that time—that is all wrong and remediable. And, on the same day I read in the Press of a nineteen-year-old youth charged with theft who was stated at the police court to have been earning 8*l.* a week as an acetylene burner. Even more pointedly in contrast are the positions and conditions of two brothers for the accuracy of which I can vouch : one is a private in the Army, now part of the heroic defence of Malta against aircraft attacks and receiving a private's pay, food, and allowances ; the other, a lad, is in a factory in England earning 17*l.* a week—'presumably,' sourly said an industrial manager to whom I mentioned this, 'as a sheet metal worker,' naming the one union in the land the leaders of which seem unashamedly bent on extracting for their members all they possibly can out of the national need. Here in all its obviousness is a nettle that ought to have been firmly grasped months and months ago ; here revived in all its injustice is the inequality we all, after the last war, vowed should never be allowed to happen again.

The War Office has yet another difficulty, which it is ever so much easier to state than to cure. This also can best be illustrated by reference to individual cases within my personal knowledge ; quite recently two friends of mine, whose circumstances, as it chances, are strikingly

similar in two quite different parts of the country, were telling me wryly how they found themselves now situated. Both are in the late thirties, both are men of education and talent, both are now called up as privates in the Army, both have felt, not unnaturally, they would like to be of greater use than to be doing work for which they have little innate aptitude (one, an artist, is striving to learn to be a gunner, the other, an architect, to drive a tank), both have been categorically told that they are now much too old to stand any chance of receiving a commission—their officers are in the early twenties or less. Unless and until heavy casualties make for the flow of promotion, it is difficult to see how this top-heaviness can be altered—but the square pegs in round holes are terribly wasted none the less.

And yet, when all is said, what deep and tremendous grounds we have now for 'faith with thanksgiving'! Almost it would seem that to-day (in mid-November, that is) we have reached that point in the war when we can reasonably believe that the tide definitely has turned. There may yet be war in the Pacific, but, if so, there is not only the United States but also the Guildhall declaration by the Prime Minister, specially notable for its announcement of our continued growth in sea-power. Do we, even yet, fully realise how more than tremendous, how decisive our sea-power has been and is being? On all the Seven Seas it is bringing victory inevitably to the Allies, most of the time silent and unseen, occasionally (as in the 'annihilations' of convoys in the Mediterranean) with a dramatic clarity the significance of which no Goebbels can conceal. In the air, again a Guildhall declaration, we have parity at last. On land we have just announced the 8th Army; and Lord Beaverbrook, the one Minister the world has ever known who openly states that he does not believe in organisation and acts on that disbelief, is terribly busy churning out tanks, and has been before, during, and after his memorable meeting with that 'man of granite,' M. Stalin. No, look at the war how one will, there is now not one single consideration, on any of the earthly elements as there has from the first been none in any of the heavenly, why any living human being should wish to be a German.

[see next page]

GORELL.

December 8. By the courtesy of the Editor I am enabled to-day, before returning the proofs of my article, to add a postscript. It has been desirable on previous occasions, on this it is essential, for the intervening three weeks have been, judged even by the scale of this tremendous conflict, of surpassing interest and importance. Four events must briefly be recorded:—

1. On November 18, the day after this article was handed in, the 8th Army launched its Libyan attack. Two days later we were cheerily told that already half General Rommel's armoured forces were out of action and the end was a matter only of hours; still more optimistically we were also told that at last we met the enemy 'on equal terms.' On November 23 the Special Correspondent of 'The Times' in Libya cabled as follows:—'For sheer cold heroism, there can have been little in this or any war to that of those British tank crews who, with lighter guns and less thick armour, have stood up and fought off time and again the massive German medium tanks, armed with a gun twice the size of theirs'—it reads exactly like an extract from Lord Gort's despatches! However, though delayed and arduous, the result is not really in doubt; and, may be, we are at last really digesting our lessons, if not our facts.
2. The Germans have suffered in Russia their first major reverse on land in this war: they are still held—and a bit more—in front of Moscow—and are falling back where their retreat matters most of all, in their assault on the Caucasus.
3. We have at length announced our intention to proceed with a 'maximum national effort,' and the Government has the powers it should logically have assumed not later, at least, than June 1940.
4. As seemed inevitable to all but the initiated experts, Japan has struck—and to-day the whole world is locked in war. It may at any rate be reasonably argued that no durable peace could ever have been possible without a defeated and demilitarised Japan, the Nazi of the East. *Quem Deus vult perdere . . .* seems the only appropriate comment.

And now a 9th Army. And so full stretch for 1942!

Art. 8.—THE WORLD WAR AND THE PROBLEM OF
THE DEFENCE OF INDIA.

India and Democracy. By Sir George Schuster, K.C.B.,
K.C.M.G., M.C., M.P. and Guy Wint. Macmillan.

INDIA, even during the short intervals when it had attained some degree of political unity, never succeeded in developing military power to any marked degree, at least not during the period of Hindu rule. There is no record of aggressive wars across the frontier by Hindu emperors ; the naval power of India has been insignificant throughout its history.

On the other hand, from the invasion by the Greek emperor Alexander in 326 B.C. almost till the establishment of the British Empire, India has been a prey to hardy races bred in the cold and invigorating climate of Central Asia, Greco-Bactrians, Scythians, Huns, in the pre-Muslim period ; from the tenth century Turks, Tartars, Mongols, Mughals, Persians, and Afghans. In the many wars that resulted, Hindu Rajput chivalry covered itself with glory in a hundred stricken fields ; there is little doubt that the enervating effect of the caste system denied to Rajput leaders the popular support without which victory over the invaders was impossible.

The military record of the Muslim emperors of Delhi does not greatly surpass that of their Hindu predecessors. They failed to hold their own against the Tartars and Mongols in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ; Babar the Mughal with a comparatively minute force won the Indian empire in 1526 ; two centuries later, under his degenerate descendants, Delhi was twice pillaged by Afghans and Persians.

The distinguished French traveller, Bernier, who spent several years at Agra and Delhi in the middle of the seventeenth century when the Mughal empire was at the zenith, made a careful study of the military system in vogue. He gave as his considered opinion that a French army of 20,000 men, under a capable leader like Condé, could easily overturn the Mughal empire. A similar view was expressed by the Italian Manucci who for many years was in the service of the emperor Shah Jahan.

The Mughal army was not a national army in any

sense of the word. It was mainly recruited from non-Indians, such as Afghans, Turks, and Mughals, and other Central Asian clans. It deteriorated rapidly when, as a result of frontier disturbances, this source of man-power was no longer available. Rajput feudatories were utilised by the Mughals as a second line of defence.

There had been little, if any, advance in military science in India when the British, in the middle of the eighteenth century, were compelled to take up arms to protect their interests. Gandhi asserts that British supremacy was achieved by fomenting dissensions among the rulers of India, and maintained by continuing the process. The truth is far otherwise. The British went to India to trade; they had no territorial ambitions. What drove them to fight was the policy of the French which aimed at the establishment of a military protectorate over Southern India, the inevitable consequence of which would have been the elimination of British commercial enterprise.

The weakening of Mughal rule had been followed by a violent resurgence of Hinduism in the Deccan. A peasant tribe, the Marathas, mainly under Brahmin leadership, had developed a military organisation which was threatening the existence of Indian rulers and chiefs, Hindus as well as Muslims. The Muslim Nizam of Hyderabad who, with his Muslim feudatories, held the greater part of southern India, stood in deadly terror of the rising tide of militant Hinduism. French military genius helped him to set up a barrier against Maratha conquest; in return the French acquired control, almost amounting to a protectorate, over a large area of the Nizam's dominions.

A clash with the British soon followed. In the end the French were defeated; the Nizam sought and obtained a British alliance against the Maratha danger.

A trial of strength between British and Marathas could hardly be avoided. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the British thought they had stabilised the position with a military protectorate over Hyderabad, the country to the south of that state and the Muslim state of Oudh. They had annexed Bengal. At this period Rajputana and the greater part of Central India was ruled by Rajput chiefs, former feudatories of the Mughals. What Maratha leaders wanted was to reduce these chiefs to subjection

and generally to pillage every part of India where the defence was weak. Hindus themselves, they made no distinction between Hindu and Muslim where the question of loot was involved. As a consequence, a period of appalling anarchy intervened in which the Maratha chiefs, with armies largely composed of Muslims such as Arabs, Pathans, Mughals, tore their compatriots to pieces. The Rajputs were the chief victims. Maratha terror still lingers where Rajputs rule to-day.

In the end, the British were compelled to intervene and establish order. The Maratha chiefs accepted the British protectorate; Maratha domination had reached its end.

That was in 1817. The Panjab did not come within the British system till thirty years later. Here again the British had no desire to interfere. A Sikh invasion of British India brought on the downfall of the Sikh confederacy.

British victories were won by armies mainly composed of Indians trained and led by British officers. There was no national feeling in those days, and recruitment was a simple matter. The system was continued after the final consolidation of British power. British officers had proved their capacity to lead Indian troops; the British subaltern was cheap; there was no upper or middle class in India with military traditions which might have provided officers; a few might have been recruited from the Rajput baronies in the Indian States or from leading landed families of Marathas, Sikhs, Panjabi Muslims, Afghans of the Frontier. It is regrettable that an army career was not offered to young men of these classes.

In the course of time, as experience showed that only the more robust could stand up to the strain of mountain warfare on the Afghan frontier, a tendency developed to confine recruitment mainly to the physically hardier races of the north, descendants of the more recent invaders, Panjabi Muslims, Afghans, Sikhs, and among Hindus, Dogra Rajputs, Rajputs, Jats, Garhwalis, and Gurkhas from the independent kingdom of Nepal.

The officer cadre was nearly doubled a few years before the first world war, which undoubtedly facilitated the expansion of the Indian army to three-quarters of a million men, nearly five times its original strength. Here

again, British officers were recruited for the new formations ; a few commissions were, however, given to Indians towards the end of the war. The Panjab provided by far the greater proportion of the rank and file, 350,000 men, more than 50 per cent. of the total. The United Provinces and the Panjab, between them, were responsible for three-fourths of the enlistments. Only 15,000 recruits offered themselves from Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa. There was no question of their having to face difficulties in being accepted ; man-power was urgently wanted ; one can only deduce from the reluctance of the men of these provinces to join the army that they had no military instincts.

British military policy was not seriously challenged by political India till after the war. A hundred years of peace had brought into existence a middle class, mainly higher caste Hindus, which was insistently demanding self-government. This new political intelligentsia, almost entirely Hindu in composition, felt that unless they could control the army, the preponderating strength of the Muslims in its ranks would make it difficult for a government, based on a Hindu majority, to hold its own. To ensure the military predominance of the Hindu element, the first step was to replace British officers by Indians ; a demand for the speedy Indianisation of the officer cadre was strongly pressed. Over and above this, objection was taken to the heavy charges for British troops, involving an expenditure of some five or six million pounds more than for an equivalent number of Indians.

Political criticism was met to some extent by reducing the British element ; several Indian regiments, mostly Madrassi, were disbanded ; it was decided to officer eleven battalions with Indians trained at Sandhurst. In 1932 a military academy was opened in India.

The question of defence figured prominently in the Round Table Conference from 1930 to 1933, when a scheme for conferring responsible government on India was evolved. Moderate opinion pressed for a compromise which would have given an Indian government a measure of control over the army and brought about complete Indianisation within a period of twenty years.

His Majesty's Government was unable to accept the proposition. For one thing the treaty obligations of the

Crown with the Princes established a British military protectorate in their favour ; the Crown could only fulfil its obligations if control of the army remained in British hands. The Princes would not have agreed to the principle of federation had His Majesty's Government given way on this point. Then there was the question of internal security, for which a large proportion of the British troops were earmarked, an arrangement mainly due to the tension between the two great communities, Hindus and Muslims ; the protection of the North-West Frontier was an imperial problem ; the defence of India in a foreign war involved a similar responsibility, with questions of strategy which obviously could not be decided by an Indian government. Defence was accordingly reserved.

The India Act of 1935, in which the new constitution was embodied, came into force in 1937. Led by Gandhi, Congress, the extremist party, which stood for complete independence, obtained majorities in seven out of the eleven provinces, and was able to form a coalition government in an eighth, Assam. Endeavours were made by the Indian government to complete the political structure by setting up the federal scheme provided for in the Act. For this the accession of the Princes was essential. They were, however, deterred by the hostile attitude of Congress and its demand that they should introduce parliamentary democracy in their States and allow their people to choose their own federal representatives.

As a consequence of these developments at the outbreak of war the Central Government was in a transition stage, with its authority and prerogatives weakened as against the autonomous provincial governments. The situation was further complicated by the attitude of Congress which had lost no opportunity of declaring that in the event of a world war it would obstruct in every way any attempts the British might make to utilise the resources of India in men and materials for military purposes. It had carried hostility to the point of initiating an anti-recruitment campaign in the Panjab, which reached such dangerous limits that at the instance of the Panjab government special legislation was undertaken to counteract the movement. Consistently with this frame of mind, Congress refused to cooperate in the

war effort with the Indian government and withdrew its ministries in the provinces.

Absolute independence being the main objective of Congress they had not formulated a policy on the question of defence; it was enough that the army would be reorganised on the basis of universal service when Indians achieved supreme power. Their attitude towards international politics was largely coloured by the views of perhaps the ablest of Congress leaders, Pandit Jawahir Lal Nehru, who for years had regarded British foreign policy as inspired by a selfish imperialism differing little in its moral aspect from Nazism. Britain was, he thought, responsible for the Japanese attack on China; she should have intervened by force of arms when the Japanese seized Manchuria. British supineness in allowing Italy to crush Abyssinia was a similar fall from grace; the most shameful of all the moral lapses of British imperialism was the betrayal of Czecho-Slovakia.

The lack of a sane and courageous foreign policy on the part of Britain had, in the Congress view, brought India into jeopardy. It is significant that Congress leaders never promised Britain the support of the party, if she fought half a dozen wars at once in support of other nations; they do not seem to have weighed the risks that India might have incurred in the world-wide conflagration that must have followed. So far, indeed, from offering any assistance, the Congress party in the Central Assembly shortly before the war demanded that the military budget should be halved so that funds might be made available to enable the party to carry out their election promises to the countryside.

Gandhi, the Congress dictator, pre-occupied with his gospel of non-violence, was not greatly interested in these speculations. India, to his mind, had been involved in war simply because she was an appanage of imperial Britain. 'I am personally unconcerned,' Gandhi told his countrymen, 'because if I carry India with me, I should want nothing beyond a few police, for protection against dacoits.' Holding such views, it is not surprising that he should have advised Britons, after the collapse of France, to abandon armed resistance, even if it meant that their women and children would be slaughtered. Had India been independent, shielded in her non-violence,

she would, Gandhi tells us, have had no enemies. The problem of the North-West Frontier is, he asserts, a fiction, imagined by the British, who keep the frontier in a state of chronic unrest in order that they may gain military experience in campaigns against the tribes! Give him a free hand and, with the help of his lieutenant, Abdul Ghafar Khan, he would convert the border to non-violence in a month!

Mr Gandhi is not always consistent. A count in his indictment of British policy is that the British have emasculated the Indian nation by disarming it. The Arms Act should be repealed. It is, he says, one of the first duties of a civilised power to train its people in the use of arms in self-defence. Is this not the antithesis of non-violence? But Gandhi is not alone in his condemnation of the Arms Act. There are moderate Hindu politicians who profess to think that India would have been immensely strong and so able to exercise a restraining influence in international politics if all restrictions on the bearing of arms had been removed, or never existed. This school of thought overlooks the fact that the Arms Act merely places Indians on the same footing as Englishmen in their own country. Hardly one Englishman in a thousand has fired a rifle or a pistol before being called up for military service. And does not this view lose sight of the fact that if both Hindus and Muslims had been armed in the frequent clashes of past years the loss of life would have been prodigious? On another occasion Gandhi drew comfort from the fact that the country was disarmed since for that reason, if only Britain would withdraw from the country and leave him to settle its future government, the fight between the hostile communities would be short and comparatively bloodless.

He has not succeeded in inducing Congress to accept non-violence as a creed. It is a notorious fact that hardly any of the leaders of the party believe in its efficacy. They adopt it as a policy in order to have as a political weapon the immense influence of the Gandhian mysticism with the masses. This attitude was shown in April 1940, when Congress proclaimed its intention of employing military force for the protection of India, once they had taken over the government. Nevertheless, in February last Gandhi reaffirmed his faith in non-violence

and announced that even if all outstanding questions were solved Congress would not commit itself to active help in the war with men or money. This is how the dictator of the leading political party that claims to rule India faces the world war !

Gandhi and the Congress High Command, in order to avoid the dangers of inertia, have initiated civil disobedience which takes the form of preaching against Indian participation in the war. Arrest is deliberately sought by those offering *satyagraha* as the movement is called. The methods adopted are described in an article by Sir Verney Lovett in the 'Quarterly Review' for October last. The campaign undoubtedly embarrasses the war effort and is strongly condemned by all non-Congress elements in the country. Prominent Hindu nationalists recognise that the Indian government could not refuse to take up the challenge. There can be little doubt that the Congress High Command in supporting Gandhi is inspired by the propaganda value, especially in America, of the spectacle of ex-ministers and ex-members of provincial legislatures crowding the jails. It helps to obtain credence for Gandhi's recent outburst in which he charges Britain with 'holding India in bondage through its age-old policy of divide and rule.'

Congress does not speak with the voice of India. It does not speak for the 90 million Muslims, nor for the Princes and the 90 million of their subjects ; it does not speak for the 60 million outcasts, nor for the great political party of orthodox Hindus, the Mahasabha. The National Liberals, though mostly Hindus, do not subscribe to its creed ; there are millions of Hindus, mostly non-Brahmin, in the south who repudiate its principles ; the Panjab, the recruiting ground par excellence of the Army, is almost solidly against it ; it can hardly claim to represent the thousands of villages of the martial clans which (Hindus as well as Muslims) of their own free will have sent hundreds of thousands of men to the colours.

Yet it must not be supposed that non-Congress elements leave British military policy unscathed. The National Liberals, for example, impute to His Majesty's Government unpardonable negligence in not having placed Indian industry on a war basis when a collision with Germany appeared to be inevitable. Had this been done,

it is argued, India might have been able to equip the vast armies necessary not only to hold off an Axis attack on the Persian oilfields, but to exorcise the threat to the North-West Frontier. The Liberal Party stand for rapid Indianisation of the army; they demand that a great air-force should be built up; that the ministry of defence should be placed in Indian hands. With all this they are prepared to give Britain all possible support in the war.

The Mahasabha is an all India party of orthodox Hinduism. As observed by Sir Verney Lovett in the article referred to, it stands for Hindu rule based on a preponderance of numbers; the Muslim minority must accept this solution of the Indian problem. It is strongly represented in Maharashtra, the country of the Marathas, one of the few clans with martial traditions in the south. Now the strongest element in the army is furnished by the Muslims of the Panjab, a fact which constitutes a serious obstacle in the path of Hindu supremacy. The Mahasabha are determined to remove this obstacle, and to this end are exhorting Hindu youth to seize the opportunity of the war to enlist in such numbers as to swamp the Muslims. Like the National Liberals they insist on the abolition of the distinction between martial and non-martial classes; the physically inferior people of the south—mostly Hindus by the way—enervated by a tropical climate should be given equal opportunities to serve in the army with the more robust peasantry of the north. Mechanisation, it is urged, has placed the weak and the strong on a footing of equality—an argument which overlooks the fact that the terrific strain of modern warfare requires more nerve and physical endurance than ever before.

The Mahasabha are realist in politics. They mistrust the ultra-montanism of the Muslims; the Saadabad pact between Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, and Iraq, in their view, suggests a Muslim military revival in Asia; if the British left India the Muslims of the Panjab and of the North-West Frontier might look for support in this solid Muslim bloc against the political predominance of the Hindus. For this a great Hindu army is the only antidote; the Hindu element in the army must be worked up to a 75 per cent. proportion. Thus in its own interests the great Hindu party offers its full support in the war.

The outcasts stand solidly for Britain; they have shown fighting qualities under British leadership, and one of the finest corps in the Indian army, Queen Victoria's Own Sappers and Miners, is mainly recruited from outcastes of the south. It was expanded to nearly the strength of an army corps in the last war. Some Madras Pioneer regiments are being reformed; also Pioneer regiments of Mazabhi Sikhs (outcasts converted to Sikhism) disbanded some years ago. Other outcaste regiments are being raised in Bombay. The Justice non-Brahmin (Hindu) party of Madras, which for fifteen years held office in Madras, follow the example of the Mahasabha.

The military question is perhaps the most intractable element in the problem of Hindu-Muslim disunity. The Muslims regard their military predominance as their strongest bulwark against the political supremacy of the Hindus; they would bitterly oppose any attempt to deprive them of the advantage. Muslims generally are prepared to give full support to the Empire in the war. German propaganda, which insinuates that Britain has sold the Muslim heritage to the Hindu, has not undermined their loyalty. They are ready to postpone constitutional development till the war is over. The Panjab Premier, Sir Sikandar Hayat, at the outbreak of the war assured the Indian government that the Panjab would play its part as in the first great war. In his view Indian independence would not last a day unless the question of the defence of the North-West Frontier were first decided and provision made for the maintenance of the 62 per cent. of Panjabis in the army. Fearing lest a disproportionate number of commissions in the officer cadre might be given to the Hindu intelligentsia of the towns, the Panjab Legislative Assembly a few months ago passed a resolution requesting the Indian government to grant commissions with strict regard to the recruitment of the rank and file of the classes to which the officer candidate belonged. All this reflects the deep anxiety Muslims feel with regard to their political future. They have made it clear that they will not submit to the political predominance of Hindus either at the Centre or in the provinces, even if the only alternative is a separate Muslim state or states.

The British military protectorate over the India of the Princes adds to the complexity of the problem of Indian defence. Congress, as already observed, would effect a solution by compelling the Princes to establish democracy in their dominions when, in the Congress view, the Hindus of the states, who constitute the great majority, would automatically rally to the support of the majority of their co-religionists in the British provinces.

Hindu politicians holding extremist views too easily forget that nearly half of British India is made up of territory ceded by Indian Rulers in return for British military protection, especially in Madras, Bombay, the Central Province, and the United Provinces. The Princes not unnaturally claim that if the British government propose to hand over control of the defence of India to a responsible Indian government, then the territories they had ceded in return for military protection should revert to them. Political India cannot fairly expect Britain to repudiate its treaty obligations to the Princes. After all, the states are an old established element in the body politic of India. The origin of most of them is lost in the mists of antiquity; the form of government follows ancient models; in many the administration is excellent; the tendency is to associate the people with the administration; in Mysore, Cochin, Travancore, and some smaller states an advanced form of representative government has been introduced. And it is worth recording that the Princes played a prominent part in the defence of India in the last war; in the present they have placed their entire resources at the disposal of the Crown. Unquestionably they would not join a federation in which control of the army was likely to pass into the hands of a party pledged to eliminate them.

In view of the dangers and complications involved, it should be obvious even to the casual observer that the settlement of the question of Indian defence is beyond the limits of practical statesmanship in the stress and strain of war conditions. The clash of interests between the two great communities, Hindu and Muslim, in the military sphere is sufficient refutation of those critics, both in India and Britain, who condemn the Viceroy's omission to appoint an Indian as Defence Minister in the enlarged cabinet. The result of such an appointment, if

a Hindu were selected, might have been the loss of Muslim support in the war, the undermining of the loyalty of the Muslims in the army, developments that might have led to military disaster. There would have been repercussions beyond the frontier. On the other hand, the Hindu Mahasabha leaders have made it clear that the appointment of a Muslim would be regarded as a hostile act by Hindu India, which would of course mean that their cooperation in the war effort would end.

Apart from political considerations affecting the question there is something to be said on the British side. For one thing Britain is providing most of the finance required for Indian armies serving overseas; she is protecting India by land and sea; she is incurring vast sums in setting up a bulwark in the Far East against a Japanese attack. She is paying hundreds of millions interest on war debts incurred in the last war; if that war had not ended in a British victory where would political India stand to-day? On the other hand India's total unproductive debt only involves the annual payment of five or six million pounds. Another point is that on the recommendation of the Chatfield Committee shortly before the war His Majesty's Government undertook to bear the major portion of the cost of mechanising the standing Indian army; in addition criticism of British military policy has been met to a considerable extent by the agreement that a portion of the British army in India will be regarded as a strategic reserve in the Middle East and paid for by Britain. In all the circumstances it is not unfair that Britain should have a voice in defence matters in India, at any rate during the war.

Enough has been said to demonstrate the inexpediency in these days of crisis of attempting changes involving controversy in the constitutional position in regard to defence in India. To incur, by doing so, the risk of paralysing India's war effort would be unfair to our allies, to the Dominions, and the vast majority of Indians who are praying for a British victory.

The Viceroy's War Cabinet brings representative Indians closely into touch with defence problems; though the ultimate decision may not be in its hands its views would always carry great weight. The Defence Council is a further link between the Indian government and

political opinion. Thousands of commissions are being given to Indians; the pace of Indianisation has been accelerated. Indians are now eligible for commissions in all units of the Indian army. By the end of the war great progress should have been made in this direction. Much has been done to place Indian industry on a war basis; progress should be still more rapid when full effect is given to the proposals made by the Ministry of Supply Mission, under the chairmanship of Sir Alexander Roger, which visited India last autumn. The time is not far distant when most of the equipment required by a modern army will be produced in India.

What of the future? Britain is pledged after the war to confer self-government on India, whatever form the new constitution may take. The major difficulty will be concerned with defence. The question has been examined by Sir George Schuster, a well-known authority on Indian affairs, in a recent book, 'India and Democracy.' To the contention of the Indian politician that as regards defence India does not stand on a different footing from the Dominions generally he opposes the fact that the Dominions are only concerned with imperial defence; none of them has a frontier problem such as India has in the Afghan borderland, to say nothing of the fact that a gigantic military power is within bombing distance of the North-West Frontier. Recent events have created similar conditions on the north-eastern frontier. It is not likely, Sir George thinks, that militarism will disappear from world politics when the war is over, and this being so it is probable that the units composing the British Commonwealth will be disposed to consider a scheme of imperial defence in which all members will take part. It would be to India's advantage to join such a combination. There will be the complication in India that British personnel will be necessary for some time both for internal security, frontier defence, and in the naval forces. At the outset this would involve the placing of the Indian army under a British Commander-in-Chief, which would be opposed by certain groups of Indian politicians. Sir George would placate opposition by giving India a Defence Minister who would be responsible for general supervision and for representing Indian government policy on the Commonwealth Defence Council. In making this proposal he

does not seem to give due weight to the attitude of Hindu and Muslim politicians. And he appears to overlook the claim of the Princes to the maintenance of the British military protectorate. It is hardly necessary to comment that it might be half a century before India could build up a navy, air-force, and army adequate for protection against attack from the sea or on either her eastern or north-western frontiers; in the latter case against a great Muslim invasion which might occur if the working of the constitutional settlement should prejudice the position of Indian Muslims.

Sir George does not suggest a means of settling the dispute between Hindus and Muslims. Much will depend on the possibility of devising a constitution which both the great communities are prepared to work and in which the Princes can be induced to play their part. The difficulties surrounding the problem of defence would be eased if, as suggested by Sir George, Hindu politicians would recognise the principle of a British military partnership. On no other condition would the adhesion of the Princes be secured. In such a partnership a system might be established in which there would be an imperial army under British command and a small regular army maintained by the federal government for internal security. The cost of the imperial army would be met by Britain and India in agreed proportions.

We may sympathise with Indian politicians in their reluctance to admit that their country cannot hold its own in isolation. Is it too much to hope that they will follow the example of Egyptian statesmen and accept British support? One may ask where would Egyptian self-government be to-day but for the British military protectorate?

There is naturally widespread regret in the British Commonwealth that the political unity Britain has conferred on India, and her efforts to develop self-governing institutions among the Indian people, have not brought about national unity. The bitter hostility and mistrust which keep the two great communities, Hindu and Muslim, apart, unquestionably impedes the war-effort. At the same time practically the whole of India regards Nazism with horror; the vast majority of Indians, Muslims, the Princes, orthodox Hindus, the martial classes, the out-

casts, are ready to help Britain. Even Congress, the only political party hostile to Britain, hopes for British victory. And its leader, Mr Gandhi, while claiming the right of free speech to the extent of endeavouring to dissuade Indians from participation in the war, protests that he does not wish to embarrass Britain. Few, if any, Congress men really subscribe to Mr Gandhi's policy of applying non-violence to war. There have been serious defections from Congress of late, and it is unquestionable that Mr Gandhi's influence is diminishing. Recent events confirm this view. The resignation, a few months ago, of an outstanding Congress leader, Mr Munshi, formerly Home Minister in the Congress government in Bombay, and his repudiation both of non-violence and of the Gandhian dictatorship, excited a stir in political circles; the sensation was even greater when Dr Satya Pal, leader of Congress in the Panjab, followed Mr Munshi's example last July. His repudiation of Mr Gandhi and his methods was even more emphatic than that in which Mr Munshi had indulged. The 'Tribune,' the leading Congress newspaper in the Panjab, described the resignation of Dr Satya Pal as of 'stupendous importance.' The doctor actually offered his services to government for the prosecution of the war. The withdrawal of eight leading members of the Congress of the Orissa province with the object, apparently, of forming a coalition government is a further attack on non-violence. The heavy drop in Congress membership is significant as a mark of public disapproval of the war policy of the party.

The omens are not, indeed, unfavourable, and this survey of the military position in India may well end on an optimistic note. The war effort in India goes forward with gathering momentum. Nearly a million men are under arms; thousands of young Hindus, Muslims, and Britons are training as officers in three great military schools at Mhow, Bangalore, and Dehra Dun. The brotherhood in arms that is developing among them may help to smooth political asperities, and so make easier the settlement of political problems after the war. The splendid regular army of India added to its laurels in Abyssinia, North Africa, Syria, and Persia. It is guarding the approaches from the Pacific and the eastern frontier. The mechanisation of the new armies is proceeding

rapidly, greatly helped by American cooperation ; India, a great arsenal of military supply for the Middle East, is rapidly putting its industries on a war basis. The Indian navy has rendered valuable service in the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean. The Indian Air-force is being rapidly expanded and has already proved its worth. There is, indeed, every reason to hope that India will make a great contribution to the successful issue for the Allies of what may prove to be the decisive campaign in the Middle East.

W. P. BARTON.

Since this article was written the political climate in India has improved still further, following on the release of most of the *satyagraha* prisoners. Although this conciliatory gesture has not influenced Gandhi to modify his policy, it has nevertheless had the effect of inducing many Congress leaders to question the soundness of the creed of non-violence. The sudden Japanese onslaught on the outlying defences of India has emphasised the tendency ; every Congressman realises that a Japanese victory would be a death-blow to India's hope of self-government. And now, according to the latest report from India, Mr Rajgopalachariar, ex-Premier of Madras and one of Gandhi's most trusted advisers, has come forward with a proposal for a National Coalition government at the Centre in order that a united India may face the new peril. The moral, let alone the material, gain would be immense if a formula could be discovered that would make possible Mr Rajgopalachariar's scheme.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Across the Busy Years. Dr Nicholas Murray Butler. [With a note by the Rt Hon. D. Lloyd George, O.M., M.P.]

Belgium: The Official Account of What Happened, 1939-1940.

Europe and the German Question. Professor F. W. Foerster.

I, too, have lived in Arcadia. Mrs Belloc Lowndes.

The Handbook of British Birds. H. F. Witherby and others.

Concise Cambridge History of English Literature. George Sampson.

Country Moods and Tenses. Edith Olivier.

The Impulse to Dominate. D. M. Harding.

The Disciple. T. R. Glover.

Retrospection. Lord Newton. [Review by Sir Ian Malcolm, K.C.M.G.]

DR NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has written two most notable volumes under the title of 'Across the Busy Years' (Scribners). The first deals chiefly with his early years and subsequent distinguished career in the U.S.A., both educational and political. He traces the development of Columbia University during the last half century. It is a remarkable story, and for forty years he has himself as President been the chief moving spirit. He also gives an interesting account of fourteen Republican National Conventions in which he has taken part, and in so doing he helps in some part to disperse the fog which for most readers in this country shrouds the working of American political machinery.

It is, however, the second volume which will have the wider appeal in this country, as in it Dr Butler deals with his contacts with men and events in Europe, both in his personal capacity and as President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Surely very few people could write, as he does, with complete justification, 'It is literally true, I think, that, beginning with Mr Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Cardinal Newman, and Pope Leo XIII, it has been my happy fortune to meet, to talk with, and often to know in warm friendship, almost every man of light and leading who has lived in the world during the last half century.'

And again: 'During the past forty years it has been my privilege to be in close and confidential contact in conversation with members of the governments of ten of the world's greatest nations at times when problems of largest importance, national and international, have been under consideration and discussion.'

He has had the honour of giving an address in parliament in Berlin, Budapest, Vienna, and Prague. With Kaiser William before the last war he had many intimate talks, and after the war with, amongst others, Mussolini, Stresemann, and Masaryk. In this country he has had, and still has, countless friendships with political and social leaders. Perhaps the most remarkable event as far as we are concerned was his being asked to give evidence before the very secret Constitutional Conference in 1910—the only non-British subject who was so honoured. In this connection we are privileged to quote a note, written by Mr Lloyd George, about this book :

‘ Dr Nicholas Murray Butler holds such an unique position as a publicist, not only in Britain and America but in all democratic countries throughout the world, that anything that comes from his pen is always a subject of interest to students of the working of democratic institutions. No living man has come into contact for well over a generation with so many leaders of public opinion in Western Europe and America. Apart from his natural poise and judicial temperament this fact accounts for the breadth and tolerance with which he touches upon events and controversies charged with the elements of political personal dispute.

During the last thirty years I have repeatedly had the privilege of meeting him, and I have been struck with the calm, as well as the penetration, with which he is able to converse about events, personalities, and questions which at the moment are provoking angry and even ferocious disputes and quarrels in his own country, or in other countries which he may have visited at the time.

In his book “Across the Busy Years” he gives a very illuminating and interesting account of the part which he was invited to play in one of the most fierce political conflicts in which Britain has been engaged since the Reform Bill, namely the dispute between the Lords and Commons for which I was responsible in 1909.

The temper roused over that conflict was the most revolutionary which I have witnessed in my time. It was due to the restraint displayed by the leaders on both sides that the insurrectionary spirit stirred up by this struggle did not end in violence, the end of which no one could foretell. When the difference between the two Houses had apparently reached a deadlock an effort was made to effect an arrangement between the leaders of the rival parties as to the future rela-

tions between Lords and Commons in the event of a difference arising between them. It was agreed to have a conference between four men on each side to endeavour to work out a compromise. The Government was represented by the Prime Minister (Mr Asquith), Lord Crewe, Mr Augustine Birrell, and myself. The Unionist Party was represented by Mr Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cawdor, and Mr Austen Chamberlain. The only witness called to give evidence before that conference was Dr Murray Butler. He happened to be in London at the time, and the conference thought it would be desirable to hear from so distinguished an American citizen an account of the working of the Two Chamber system in the American States. He gives in his book an interesting account of his experiences on that unique occasion.'

In his Epilogue, after the 900 pages of the two volumes, Dr Butler writes : ' That which has been written for these pages seems little more than a Table of Contents.' Indeed what a feast of good things the author has at his disposal if these volumes are only the menu.

The Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs have done well to publish '**Belgium: The Official Account of What Happened, 1939-1940**' (Evans Brothers) and thus to record in clear and unadorned language, suitably documented, the events which led up to and caused Belgium's collapse. After all the mud which has unhappily been slung at King Leopold it is all to the good that the truth should be known and the King's fine character thereby reinstated. The book begins with the international situation before the war and the often misunderstood declaration of Belgian neutrality in 1936, and the reaction of Britain and France to this. Then we are given an account of the uneasy months following the outbreak of war, and of Belgium's repeated invasion alarms, which were found in the end to be only too well justified. Finally we are given an account of the tragic days of the invasion, and of Belgium's gallant but hopeless struggle and final surrender. And what was the cause? M. Reynaud, in the bitterness of defeat, fulminated against the 'treachery' of King Leopold, but the cause of the collapse lay not in Belgium but in France. If the French dispositions had been better and the army on the Meuse stronger there would have been no breakthrough, and that was what caused the subsequent

disaster to all the Allied troops in Belgium—and the tragic wonder of Dunkirk. To future historians this authoritative little book will be of great value; for present-day readers it will help to right a great wrong in the past judgment of Belgium's part and will give very real but equally sad interest.

The importance of Professor F. W. Foerster's '**Europe and the German Question**' (George Allen and Unwin) lies mainly in the fact that, unlike so many similar books, it foresees Germany's legitimate future as re-arising out of a legitimate past. The author, who occupied a distinguished literary and political position in pre-war Germany, contends that, as heir to the Teutonic Knights and the Holy Roman Empire, Prussia inherited an historic and supernational mission which she has betrayed. The net result of that betrayal is Naziism, which must be extirpated before either Prussia or Prussianised Germany can regain their soul. The writer contends that the historic mission of Germany was to be a centre of union with all surrounding states, a vital, ever-widening link between the Slav, Teuton, and Latin kingdoms surrounding her. Instead of a position of vast and beneficent influence she has fought for and won—at least temporarily—a position of supreme power. Herr Foerster's great hope for post-war Europe lies in the coming into existence, under German leadership, of some workable form of federalism on the lines of the British Society of Nations. The principle of nationality will be recognised, but will not, as so often happens, be allowed to become a disintegrating force; the principle of cultural, political, and economic predominance will be accepted; but will be restrained from becoming dictatorial. Whether, even if she could, post-Nazi Germany would accept such limitations remains to be seen. For instance, Herr Foerster cannot foresee such a supernational mission discharged without the light, inspiration, and guidance of Christianity, and Nazi Germany is aggressively pagan. He therefore contends that Germany must be punished severely, and openly repent, before she is allowed by the civilised world to resume the great mission she sold for that mess of pottage—power-politics.

Without accepting this thesis as entirely valid, it is of considerable interest as pointing towards a possible solu-

tion of German post-war perplexities. The author seems to hope that, pending any such repentance and acceptance by Prussia, Austria—possibly under a Hapsburg—might be allowed by Europe to assume (in reality and not merely in name) the mantle of the Holy Roman Emperors.

Few children can have had a childhood as evenly balanced between England and France as Mrs Belloc Lowndes, with relations of such striking and individual character on both sides. Therefore 'I, too, have lived in Arcadia' (Macmillan) is historically valuable as well as very pleasant to read. English and French ideas of how to bring up children usually run on very different lines. Marie Belloc, as she was then, was fated to experience the advantages and disadvantages of both systems, but, as, in accordance with French ideas, she had very little secluded nursery life and was constantly with her elder relations at meals and other times she can present a far more vivid picture of them. Louise Swanton Belloc, Bessie Parkes Belloc, Eliza Priestley Parker, Adelaide de Montgolfier, Barbara Bodichon, Elizabeth Rundle Charles were all remarkable in their own way, and Mrs Belloc Lowndes, with the skill of a much-experienced writer, makes them live again for the reader. Very vivid, too, are the descriptions of life at La Celle St. Cloud, in Paris, in Wimpole Street, Hampstead, and Sussex sixty years ago. The book also includes some really interesting letters written by the author's relations in Paris during the Siege and the Commune in 1870-71. There is nothing sensational about the book and it makes no claim to go into deep problems, but it is indeed in the author's words 'a simple record of love and childhood,' and a very attractive one, under conditions that are never likely to recur. It has a blemish—no index.

In the preface to the fifth and final volume of 'The Handbook of British Birds' (H. F. and G. Witherby) the authors, Messrs. H. F. Witherby, F. C. R. Jourdain, Norman F. Ticehurst, and Bernard W. Tucker write: 'Now that our task is at last complete we can look back with some satisfaction to six and a half years of constant work in the knowledge that the result has proved of service to a large and constantly increasing number of students of birds, whether they be beginners or experienced observers. We feel entitled, moreover, to hope that

our work will prove of value not only in providing a summary of what is known but also in directing attention to the many gaps in our knowledge, and thereby stimulating further research.'

The satisfaction and hopes thus specified are indeed fully justified, and the years of labour have produced a series of books which must be standard works on the subject for a long time to come. The last volume covers terns, gulls, guillemots, crakes, puffins, and game birds such as grouse, pheasants, and partridges, which naturally will have appeal to the sportsman. After twenty-five pages of additions and corrections, bringing the former volumes up to date, the work concludes with a most valuable systematic list of British birds and an equally valuable index to the whole work. In the small space available it is impossible to give anything but a general notice of this last volume, but reference must be made to the notable information given about avian display. Any bird lover who can by any means become possessed of these volumes may consider himself lucky, while the right to consult them even on the shelves of others will be an appreciated privilege for bird students.

'The whole story of English Literature—Poetry, Prose, Drama, Fiction, and Criticism, from Beowulf to T. E. Lawrence, told in one volume of 1100 pages,' such is the official description on the wrapper of Mr George Sampson's '**Concise Cambridge History of English Literature**' (Cambridge University Press). A work so comprehensive, so informative, and so useful, produced under war conditions, is a notable feat on the part of both author and publishers, and they are much to be congratulated. Some readers may wonder why some of their favourite authors are omitted, while others, whom they consider to be of only secondary importance, are included. But that must be the case with any selection, and Mr Sampson has evidently given much thought to his choices. Where so little space can be given to any particular author it is remarkable how in so many cases, by a few deft touches, real character and atmosphere are created in addition to hard concentrated fact given. The real value of a book like this is well expressed in the preface: 'We live in an age of specialism, when people are required to know more and more about less and less,

or to perform an intensively mechanical and uncreative routine. We have conquered space and lost spaciousness. But there is a remedy. The mind can expatiate in history and broaden its range over a wide field of human achievement. For this remedial liberation of the spirit, the history of literature offers rich and ample scope.'

The many people who enjoyed 'Without Knowing Mr Walkley' will remember gratefully that Miss Edith Olivier can be personal without egotism and intimate without familiarity. Her literary tact makes her latest book 'Country Moods and Tenses' (Batsford) altogether delightful. Because she lives, knows, and intuitively understands country folk and their ways Miss Olivier has written a country book rather than a book about the country—of which we have had too many. We are reminded that post offices originated in Tudor days; enticing scraps from Leland and other early guide-book writers vividly recall the risks our travelling forefathers ran, although, at their worst, they could not have beaten the yearly toll of death and injury on the road which we take so lightly. Occasionally the authoress wanders outside her beloved South Wiltshire into Hardy's Dorset or Shakespeare's Warwickshire, and one of the most interesting things in a volume full of variety is a reminder of the light thrown on Shakespeare's contemporaries, and the sidelights thrown on some of his plays by the admirable researches of Madame Longworth de Chambrun. We journey into Edward Fitzgerald's spacious Suffolk, and walk with him as he crosses the water meadows from Salisbury Cathedral on a pilgrimage to George Herbert's church and parsonage at Bemerton. Born and bred in Wilton, and its mayor for three successive years, Miss Olivier makes the ancient town come vividly alive: King Egbert's Proclamation uniting the kingdoms of Wessex and Kent was issued from 'Our Palace in Our Royal Borough of Wilton' in 838. Amongst the 77 well-chosen illustrations is one by Rex Whistler, entitled 'Rural Mayor in Procession' showing the authoress (slightly caricatured) at the head of the four aldermen and twelve councillors, with the charming Georgian Town Hall as a background. Mr Whistler also contributes a delightful dust cover. Even Tunbridge Wells knew how

to unbend: 'On the Walks you have all the liberty of conversation in the world, and any person that looks like a gentleman . . . may single out whom he pleases that does not appear engaged, and may talk, rally, be merry and say any decent thing to them. But all this makes no acquaintance. . . .'

In 'The Impulse to Dominate' (George Allen and Unwin) Mr D. M. Harding, who is Senior Lecturer in Psychology in the University of Liverpool, approaches war from a fresh and fruitful angle. War, he submits, is basically an effort to substitute a tolerable, for an intolerable, relationship. It should be banished as an international means of coercion, but this cannot be done so long as coercion is still the rule between individuals within the nation. If domination and submission provide the normal pattern of social intercourse, each offering its own satisfactions, then warfare is only an unusually violent form of an inescapable social pattern. It is suggested that the escape from this dilemma is to be found in 'integrative behaviour.' All pressure, or forcefulness, or undue persuasiveness even, are to be avoided. Our English talent for compromise falls short of social integration, to which, however, it is an essential preliminary. If this be so, we are at all events on the right path. Mr Harding insists throughout that we must, as a preliminary to banishing war, always give the greatest social significance to other people. This is exactly what true Christianity always does and what Totalitarianism, of necessity, always forbids. War, then, is social regression, and the most terrible thing about it is that the higher civilisation can, as things are, always be forced into war by a lower, and, while the contest lasts, the higher must abandon its noblest ideals and practices and descend to the level of its enemies. If indeed war 'settled' a quarrel there might be something to be said for it, but history teaches that all conflicts contain the seeds of succeeding wars. If, as Mr Harding suggests, war is unconsciously a relief from peace-time repressions, anxieties, jealousies and fears, then, quite clearly, the basic fight against war must be approached from an entirely new angle, and an indirect one at that. If war begins in the family, then every individual brought up in an unhappy family is fundamentally a war-monger! A provocative and thought-

compelling study written with an objectivity that is very persuasive.

In these days of uncertain values, it is good to turn to such a book as Dr T. R. Glover's '**The Disciple**' (Cambridge University Press), for it has about it the steadfast and confident spirit of the religious heritage that is ours, due to the striving and endurance of the early Christians, through whom it survived and was spread abroad. In twelve short studies, Dr Glover recaptures—from the writings of Paul and others—the outstanding qualities of the Early Disciple, who, finding himself in a new world—because he was 'a new man' in Christ, and in the light of His teaching all life and thought took on new values—first became a Learner, the hall-mark of true discipleship. Dr Glover 'with his learning lightly carried and understandingly used' follows the development of these Early Disciples and shows how, fired by a passion for righteousness, their very vitality drew men together as fellow-workers in Christ, and the reader is led to feel that contemplation of the high ideal and purpose that inspired them helps to bring something of the source of their untroubled spirit to the problems of a troubled world to-day.

The 'Peer among us takin' notes' during the past half-century has not wasted his time, for Lord Newton has provided his many friends and admirers with a very entertaining volume of reminiscences, entitled '**Retro-spection**' (John Murray). It has a 'tang' that is all its own; it barks and it bites; it sets down naught in malice, but it gives a long clear run for candid criticism to a pen that knows how to make the best of its opportunities, and misses very few of them.

These occasions, great and small, range from personalities and events in 1883 to 1919; they include a catalogue of varied interests, foreign countries, diplomatic incidents, royal interviews, and political debates at home and abroad; they present us with pungent character sketches and pawky comment on men and things as they cross the background of those crowded years; there is information and amusement on every page of this engaging book, whose only drawback is the diary form of its presentation, which is wearying to the reader of its absorbing contents. But 'the style is the man'; and this man's

personality is stamped on every paragraph that he has written: the staccato sentences; the fearless, if not always considered, reflections on men and matters; the sudden thrusts of a lambent wit that perforates the pretensions of a foreign humbug and the lofty omniscience of an 'official' answer in the House of Lords; the serene indifference to praise or blame of a mind that is serenely and securely confident in its own judgments—these are the insignia by which we recognise Lord Newton, whose opinions, if not always shared, have always secured the attention of his countrymen.

As for the contents of 'Retrospection': it is difficult to select particular plums out of so rich a pudding; but the reviewer would engage the student of these almost contemporary events to pay particular attention to all that the author has to say about affairs in Turkey and the Balkans; about his visits to Russia, India, and the United States; about his Front Bench experiences in the House of Lords, and his responsibilities for prisoners of war during the concluding years of our last great conflict against Germany. Such events as these are in our minds when we are inclined to regret the 'paragraphic' style in which Lord Newton exhibits them to the public eye; as though, forsooth, none of them was entitled to more space than four or five lines, except those very few which seem to him worthy of attention for one whole and uninterrupted page. This habit may, however, be only one more illustration of a trait which Queen Mary observed when, as reported, Her Majesty said that 'whereas Lord Curzon has a great admiration for all his belongings, Lord Newton seems to take pleasure in disparaging all that belongs to him.' So it may well be that our author would have us believe that many occasions of historic interest in which he played a part were of no particular moment except to himself. Be that as it may, the man is to be envied who, after a long career of public, and not always popular, endeavour, can write so interesting and agreeable a memorial of a life well lived.

IAN MALCOLM.

